

"THE ROMANCE OF THE HORSE SHOW" AND THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL,
IN THIS ISSUE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



U.S. STRATED

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SIR HENRY IRVING HAS BEEN SUCH A PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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For Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received.

Special Notice.—Every photograph should be carefully and fully titled on the back, not only with a description of the picture, but also with the full name and address of the contestant, plainly written. Address "Amateur Photographic Contest, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York." Competitors, whether they fail or not, are entitled to try again as often as they please. No entry blanks required.

Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

Special for the Christmas Number.

A SPECIAL prize of ten dollars for the best photograph suitable for publication in our Christmas number, and two dollars for each other photograph accepted for that number, is offered, open to all amateurs. The competition will close on the 4th of December. Christmas subjects must be selected. Preference will be given to original, striking, and unique photographs.

Prompt Action Needed.

LONG as it is, the unanimous report of the Philippine commissioners is not too long for every patriotic citizen to read and to comprehend. It clarifies the situation and leaves no ground upon which the anti-imperialist can stand. It proves, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, that Admiral Dewey made no alliance with Aguinaldo, and that the latter never thought of declaring for the independence of the Philippines until he discovered that the United States was discussing a treaty of peace with Spain by which the artful and selfish Filipino leader feared he would not derive the profits and honors he desired. He then deliberately provoked a conflict with our forces, supported only by the tribes in six provinces. We have established peace and honor where Aguinaldo has left anarchy and distress. We are teaching the natives good government, and if we abandon our influence for a single moment, anarchy will supervene and the intervention of other foreign Powers will be more than excusable.

These statements by the commission are not to be denied and no one has sought to controvert them. It is not surprising, therefore, that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, proposes, at the approaching session of Congress, that immediate action be taken to give a republican form of government to the Philippines, based somewhat on the township system of the New England States. The Senator would continue in force existing laws of a benevolent nature, take from religious orders the power of levying taxes, and place that power and similar authority in the hands of the United States government, and would then develop that form of popular government best adapted to the abilities and needs of the people.

While Senator Morgan and other members of Congress are preparing for official action at Washington, the military arm of the government has planned a sharp and effective campaign for the capture of Aguinaldo and the subjugation of his forces. The news from Manila shows that this work is being pushed vigorously, and that with the arrival of re-enforcements it can, in all probability, be hastened to a successful conclusion.

Two things should be done, and done quickly, both for the relief of public tension in this country and also for the relief of the tension abroad and in the Philippines, and we have no doubt that in his coming message President McKinley will impress upon Congress the importance of these two needs. First is the suppression of Aguinaldo's insurrection. That work is being done, and at present writing we are promised a speedy termination of the war. Secondly, one of the first resolutions Congress should pass should follow out the suggestion of Senator Morgan, and outline a definite plan for a government, more or less autonomous, for the Philippines.

It is not necessary that another commission should first

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be sent to the Philippine Islands, as Senator Morgan advises. We have had commissions enough. One has just returned and submitted its report. It would be needless and extravagant to send a body of Congressmen to do over again the work that has been done so well.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, on his own responsibility and at his own expense, has spent several months in the East, in and about the Philippines. We have no doubt that this able young Senator will have practical suggestions to make to the body of which he is bound to become a very prominent member. We had hoped that he would be prepared, at the opening of the session, to offer a plan for peace, and it is possible that this hope will not be disappointed.

But, whatever is done at Washington and in the Philippines should be done effectively and quickly.

Important to Newsdealers!

THE Christmas number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will be the most attractive one it has ever issued, and will include poems, stories, and illustrated special articles by the most notable popular writers. The illustrations will include drawings by Howard Chandler Christy, B. W. Clinedinst, T. Dart Walker, E. W. Kemble, Louis Wain, Mrs. Baker Baker, the late M. Wolff, and numerous other eminent artists, whose good work has heretofore adorned our pages, and a page of Christmas photographs by amateurs in a prize competition, elsewhere announced. Another special feature will be two attractive pictures on heavy plate-paper, unbound and specially adapted-to framing. Each one of these beautiful drawings will be worth the price of the Christmas number. The covers will be illuminated in ten colors, with an original and striking frontispiece. Orders should be sent in as early as possible, as the work on this elaborate number is already under way, and the edition will be limited to trade requirements.

Vacancies in the Vice-Presidency.

THE serious illness of Garret A. Hobart will call the country's attention to the Vice-Presidency in a way in which it has not in many years been directed to that office. Five persons—George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, William R. King, Henry Wilson, and Thomas A. Hendricks—have died while holding that post.

It is a much more important office than is commonly supposed. John Adams, while holding it during the eight years of the Presidency of Washington, had nearly, if not quite, as much influence on the affairs of the government as Washington wielded. He got this through the frequent tie votes in the Senate, which had only twenty-six members in the beginning, a circumstance which rendered ties frequent. On the death of the Vice-President nobody is chosen in his place, but the president *pro tempore* of the Senate is the presiding officer of that body. Four Vice-Presidents—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, and Chester A. Arthur—have gone to the Presidency through the death of their chief. The importance of selecting a man of character and ability—such a man, for example, as Mr. Hobart—for the post of Vice-President ought to be constantly kept in mind.

Mr. Hobart's death would destroy the hope of putting the "old ticket" in the field on the Republican side in 1900. By breaking this combination it would add to the chances of getting a soldier or a sailor on the first or the second place on the ticket. It would seriously disarrange the plans of the party leaders. Mr. Hobart is personally very influential and popular. The relations between him and the President are far more cordial than such relations usually are between these officials. His influence and his close connection with the President were shown in a striking way when the Vice-President induced General Alger to leave the Cabinet and thus end the President's embarrassment. Mr. Hobart's death might have personal and political consequences of much greater importance than the demise of a Vice-President could be expected to produce.

American Rule in Cuba.

NOTHING could speak more clearly and conclusively of the benefits of American control in Cuba and of the wisdom of the course pursued by our government in that island than the first annual reports from General Ludlow, our military Governor at Havana, and from our representatives in other Cuban cities. One of the first and most important tasks to which these officials set their hands was that of cleaning up the towns and cities and enforcing a better observance of common sanitary laws, and this they have done with vigor and success.

Under Spanish sloth, stupidity, and ignorance Havana had always been indescribably filthy, a breeding-place for yellow fever and other dread diseases. Under General Ludlow's energetic administration all this has been changed. The city has been scoured and kept clean as never before in its history, with the direct result of greatly lowering its death-rate. Up to September 1st there had been only twenty deaths from yellow fever in eight months, as against a yearly average of 400 from 1890 to 1895. Only three deaths from this disease had occurred among the 3,000 American soldiers quartered in and around Havana.

When the frightful ravages of yellow fever among the Spanish soldiers in Cuba in former years is remembered, and the fact that great loss and suffering among our soldiers from the same cause was predicted as an almost inevitable incident of American occupancy, the immense advance made under the new régime will be appreciated. It has been already demonstrated that Havana and other Cuban cities are not necessarily unhealthy at any time of year, even for Northern people, much

less that they should be regarded as the regular plague-incubators they have been in times past. It has been shown that with a decent observance of cleanliness by the people and a rigorous enforcement of sanitary law they are quite as salubrious as the average of American cities.

In other no less important respects American domination in Cuba has been attended with equally beneficent results. The courts of justice have been reorganized and purified, and the administrative offices have been placed on a basis where they command the respect and confidence of the people. Under the Spanish régime bribery and corruption of the most unblushing sort was the established order in all places, high and low, and justice and equity were unknown. Things are different now, and the common people who suffered the most under the old order are beginning to appreciate the change. All these improvements in sanitation and in other ways have been made under a lower tax rate than Cuba has ever known before. The American administrators have also shown tact and wisdom in conforming their rules and regulations in unessential matters to the social and business habits and customs of the people, and have required their subordinates to obtain command of the Spanish language as soon as practicable, in order that communication with the people might be made more easy and satisfactory.

The result of all this work is seen in the disappearance of that discontent and restlessness which marked the earlier days of our occupation, and which threatened, at one time, to lead to most serious results. The enemies of American domination have been silenced, and the people generally are beginning to realize how much better, happier, and more prosperous they may be under the control of a government like ours than under any other rule imposed upon them from within or from without. And what is true of Cuba in this respect will prove true of the Philippines when our rule there has been recognized and established. Given the opportunity, and the Filipinos will find that our professions of regard for their welfare are true, and their situation under our government will be vastly better than it could be under any other form of government.

The Plain Truth.

THE Post-office Department at Washington was never more ably and efficiently administered than it is now under the direction of Postmaster-General Smith and First-Assistant Postmaster-General Heath. One of the most sensible recommendations made by the department is embraced in General Heath's annual report, recently given to the public, in which he favors a generous extension of the free-delivery system in rural localities. He shows that the establishment of rural free-delivery by the Post-office Department has resulted in increased postal receipts, in the enhancement of the values of farm lands, better prices for farm products, as the result of bringing the producers into closer touch with their markets, and also a decided educational benefit through more ready access to wholesome literature and knowledge of current events. It is interesting to note that the cost of rural free-delivery is smaller per capita than the cost of the postal service in small towns of 5,000 population. Rural carriers are also to be authorized to receive and receipt for letters of registration as city carriers do now, a most practical and much-needed advance in our very efficient postal service.

Two State officers—and it is needless to say that one of them is Governor Roosevelt—have at last awakened to a realization of the fact that State property was not intended to be distributed as a gift to political favorites. For years the State Land Board, made up of the principal State officers, have been doing violence to the best interests of the tax-payers by granting concessions of land, some of them of enormous value, to politicians on both sides who had sufficient pull, and from whom very meagre payments in return were exacted. Secretary of State McDonough, soon after his election, suggested that the best policy for the State would be to lease its lands for a limited term of years, instead of making perpetual grants. Governor Roosevelt takes the same view, and has suggested to the land board that they consider the propriety of changing the policy so long in vogue. If the proceedings of the land board of New York State for some years past could be made public they would embrace interesting disclosures, including one which has often been privately discussed, of a mysterious meeting, called together at night, of the State officers constituting the board, to dispose of a valuable land grant while they were being whirled through the Adirondacks on a special train, liberally provided with the best kind of food and drink. Governor Roosevelt has struck a rich vein. Let him work it a little in the interests of the tax-payers.

The will of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt is in many respects a remarkable document. It discloses to the world three different Vanderbilts, and in a light in which they have never before been seen. It shows the stern stuff of which the father, the late Cornelius, was made. He was a man of deep affection. That is revealed by his generous bequest of \$200,000 to his warm, intimate friend and personal adviser, Senator Depew; by his gift of \$100,000 to his brother; of \$50,000 to the pastor of his church, and generous remembrances to many friends and attendants, including his barber, whose family name he did not even know. There must have been a reason for the determination to cut off the eldest son, Cornelius, Jr., though what that reason was the will did not mention. That young Cornelius himself inherited something of his father's backbone is shown by the fact that he insisted on marrying the woman of his choice, even if disinheritance followed, and, later, by the promptness with which he refused to accept the conditions of his father's will until he had been placed on an equality with the rest of the family excepting the chief beneficiary. The third Vanderbilt which the will discloses is the favorite elder brother, Alfred Gwynne, who generously yielded the munificent sum of \$6,000,000 of his share of the estate to the dissatisfied brother. A family quarrel is seldom a pleasant and never a profitable thing, and wisdom, as well as affection, was displayed in the early settlement by the Vanderbilts, of what might have developed into a somewhat ugly difficulty.



To choose a dainty little maiden who would not harm a fly for the task of launching in the sea one of those terrible engines of modern warfare, a torpedo-boat, may seem like a strange and incongruous thing to do, but this is the thing that was done when Miss Carrie S. Shubrick, of Rocky Mount, N. C., was chosen to christen the torpedo-boat *Shubrick*, launched at Richmond, Va., on October 31st. There were several good and sufficient reasons, however, why this particular little girl was selected to perform this important and impressive ceremony. The best one was that Miss Shubrick is a great-grand-niece of Rear-Admiral William Branford



CARRIE SHUBRICK, WHO CHRISTENED THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT.

Shubrick, in memory of whom the torpedo-boat was named. Her great-grandfather, Captain John Templar Shubrick, is also known to fame as a naval hero. It is a fact worthy of note in connection with this event that the *Shubrick* is the first war-vessel built at Richmond since the Civil War. It is said to be a first-class vessel of its type.

John Rupp, of Hanover, Penn., now in his ninetieth year, was a skilled mechanic as early as 1830. In his early manhood



JOHN RUPP, WHO HELPED BUILD THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE AND COACH IN THE UNITED STATES.

model of it was on exhibition at the world's fair at Chicago in 1893. Phineas Davis was made superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio shops at Baltimore in 1833, and during that year John Rupp, under his employer's direction, managed the construction of the first passenger-coach ever made in this country. This was at a time when there were only a few miles of railroad-track in the world over which the locomotive-engine was in operation.

Texas and Utah have become noted for unique types of individuality, and especially for a characteristic self-reliance in

types of femininity that are perhaps due to the peculiar influences of the atmosphere and topography of the wind-swept prairies of the one and mountain-crowned valleys of the latter. It is certain that in few other States of the Union does individual bent follow the marked lines of independence manifested in examples native to these localities. Miss Bessie Shirley is a young Texas girl who has not yet reached her twentieth year, but who nevertheless is the owner and publisher of one of the best mining and stock

journals published in America—a distinction enjoyed probably by no other of her sex on either continent, or at all events by no other woman of like youth. Miss Shirley was born in Texas and remained there until one year ago—her time during recent years having been devoted to newspaper work in her native State. In 1898 she removed to Salt Lake City, where she established the *Western Mine and Stock Journal*, which came rapidly to the front as one of the best-edited mining journals in the country. In collecting her material Miss Shirley does not delve in musty volumes nor sift from others' reports the data to make up her magazine. She relies solely upon her own personal knowledge and experience; and to acquire these makes tours of personal inspection to the various mines of the country, familiarizing herself with the practical workings of the mines, and gaining an actual knowledge of all details necessary to the publication of a reliable report. Trips thousands of feet below the surface of the earth have no terrors for her, and by efforts of this kind she has familiarized herself with conditions suffi-

ciently to enable her to write authoritatively and forcibly upon mines and mining. She is also the only lady stock-broker in Utah, and manipulates deals with the aptitude and acumen of a professional of the sterner sex, and is said to have been fairly successful in her vocation, as well as in her personal ventures on the stock-market. Though much of her time is devoted to business, she finds hours to devote to music—being a pianist of considerable ability—and to social recreation as well, her vivacious personality making her a popular figure in social circles.

Admiral Dewey has selected as his secretary Mr. John W. Crawford, who for several years past has been a member of the

corps of stenographers in the office of the judge-advocate-general of the navy. The position of secretary to the admiral, which carries with it a salary of \$2,500 per annum and the rank and allowances of a lieutenant in the navy, has, of course, been vacant since the death of Admiral Porter in 1891, until the 7th ultimo, when Lieutenant Crawford was appointed and entered upon his duties. Mr. Crawford is, as he expresses it, "an out-and-out Jerseyman," having been born in Vineland in 1867, and

being now a legal resident of Paterson. At the age of fourteen he entered the office of the Vineland *Evening Journal*, where he remained for about four years, afterward removing to Paterson and taking up the study of shorthand in New York. While employed as a stenographer with the Edison Company, in 1889, he accepted a place as expert aid to the naval inspector of electric lighting, whose office was a part of the bureau of equipment, of which Admiral (then Captain) Dewey was the chief. He was later assigned to duty in the office of the judge-advocate-general, and for more than seven years past has been an able assistant to that officer. Lieutenant Crawford is an expert stenographer and typewriter, and a reporter of no little skill. He has reported stenographically the last two annual congresses of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington, a task by no means easy. His late chief, Captain Lenly, describes him as a man of rare ability, faithful and loyal to his chief; and there is no doubt that Admiral Dewey will find him thoroughly fitted for his present position.

A career of more than usual promise was brought to a sudden but glorious end by the death in the Philippines on

October 1st of Lieutenant Haydon Y. Grubbs, of the Sixth United States Infantry. Lieutenant Grubbs was killed while leading an assault upon a robber-band entrenched upon the island of western Negros. He was a native of Kentucky, only twenty-seven years of age, and was graduated from West Point three years ago. During the war in Cuba he won merited distinction for bravery and efficiency as lieutenant-colonel of the Second United States Volunteer Infantry, organized in the South, and was extremely popular among his fellow-officers

and the men in the ranks. Immediately after his graduation at West Point he was assigned to service on the Texas frontier, and on frequent occasions there showed his true soldierly qualities. In Cuba he was assigned to very important special duty by General Leonard S. Wood, and gained the high esteem of that noble leader. In private life Lieutenant Grubbs was universally loved for his sterling qualities of mind and heart and his genial disposition.

By all odds the best-known railroad man west of the Mississippi is Mr. L. K. Hooper, who for the past thirty-four years has been one of the most active and popular general passenger agents in the country, serving with special success since 1884 in that capacity with the Denver and Rio Grande. He has distributed more car-loads of railroad-folders than any other man living, and has done more, by circulating illustrated matter, to make known the beauties of the West than any other person engaged in his line of business. In 1841, when Colonel Hooper was only fifteen years old, he entered the service of the leading line of steamers

on the Mississippi River, beginning as a steamboat blacksmith. A year later he was promoted to the responsible place of engineer, and in 1866 entered the railroad service as a clerk for the Monon line, steadily working his way up to the place of general passenger agent. Everybody, east and west, who travels very

much knows Colonel Hooper, and all newspaper men who pass his way are especially sure of a hearty welcome.

Georgia mourns the fate of another gallant son slain on the fighting-line in the Philippines. Cadet Welborn Cicero

Wood, United States Navy, was the son of H. K. Wood, of Jerusalem, Ga. He was graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis three years ago, and was eighth in a class of fifty-six. When assigned by the government to service in the Philippines he went to his post of duty with great eagerness, and became conspicuous for his bravery in a number of sanguinary engagements. When it was decided recently to send a number of gun-boats up the Orani River to capture the town of Orani, young Wood was put in command of

one of the vessels, the *Urdaneta*. The assault was met by a hot fire from the insurgents, the *Urdaneta* was captured and destroyed, together with Cadet Wood and four of his crew. At last accounts no trace of them could be found, and all that is known of their fate is from the report of the insurgents.

The latest revolution in South America had several features about it to lift it above the commonplace. It was brief; it was

attended with a comparatively slight loss of life, and it was successful. These characteristics were owing chiefly to the fact that the rebels had brilliant chieftain, and that he led a popular cause. It all happened in Venezuela, that country whose boundary lines have just been settled by an arbitration tribunal in Paris, after a long and serious dispute. The revolution came about because of a split in the liberal party in Venezuela, one faction being led by General Andrade, President of the republic, and the other by

General Cipriano Castro. As usual in cases of party division in South America, the split led immediately to war between the rival leaders. General Castro and his army of insurgents were victorious in nearly every engagement, the government forces being defeated in five successive battles. Valencia, the second city in the republic, was captured and occupied after a brief but severe struggle. General Castro then marched on Caracas, the national capital, which surrendered to him without opposition. The insurgents entered the city on Sunday, October 22d and were received with open arms by the populace. At last accounts President Andrade had fled to the West Indies, his Cabinet had resigned, and peace had apparently been restored, with General Castro in full command of the situation. The next question to be settled is, who will succeed Andrade as President of Venezuela? Of course General Castro will take the office if he wants it, but he is said to be in favor of another man.

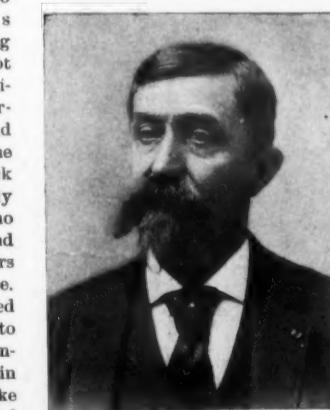
We are glad to reproduce here the latest photograph of Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, the noble and devoted leader of

the American Volunteers. A year ago Mrs. Booth was seriously ill, and it was feared for a long time that she would never be able to resume her work. But our picture gives the gratifying evidence of her complete restoration to health and strength. A period of rest in the genial climate of southern California wrought this happy change, and Mrs. Booth is now as active as ever in her many lines of humanitarian service.

Few women are more gifted in public utterance than the leader of the Volunteers, and none has a more gracious and winning personality. Mrs. Booth is devoting a large share of her time at present to redemptive work among the prisoners in our State institutions, and in this service she is meeting with extraordinary success. A Volunteer league has been formed in the prisons under her direction, and many men and women have been restored by this means to the ranks of honest and respectable citizenship.

LIEUTENANT HAYDON Y. GRUBBS, KILLED BY A ROBBER-BAND AT NEGROS.

LIEUTENANT HAYDON Y. GRUBBS, KILLED BY A ROBBER-BAND AT NEGROS.

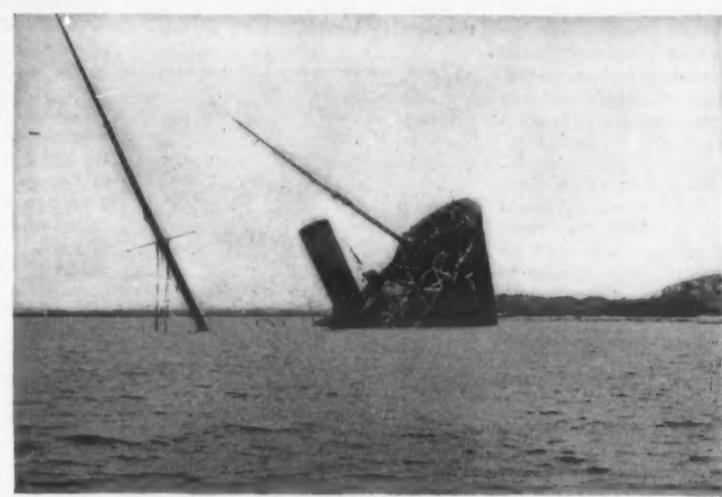


L. K. HOOPER, A VETERAN RAILROADER.



MRS. MAUD B. BOOTH, THE GIFTED AND DEVOTED LEADER OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

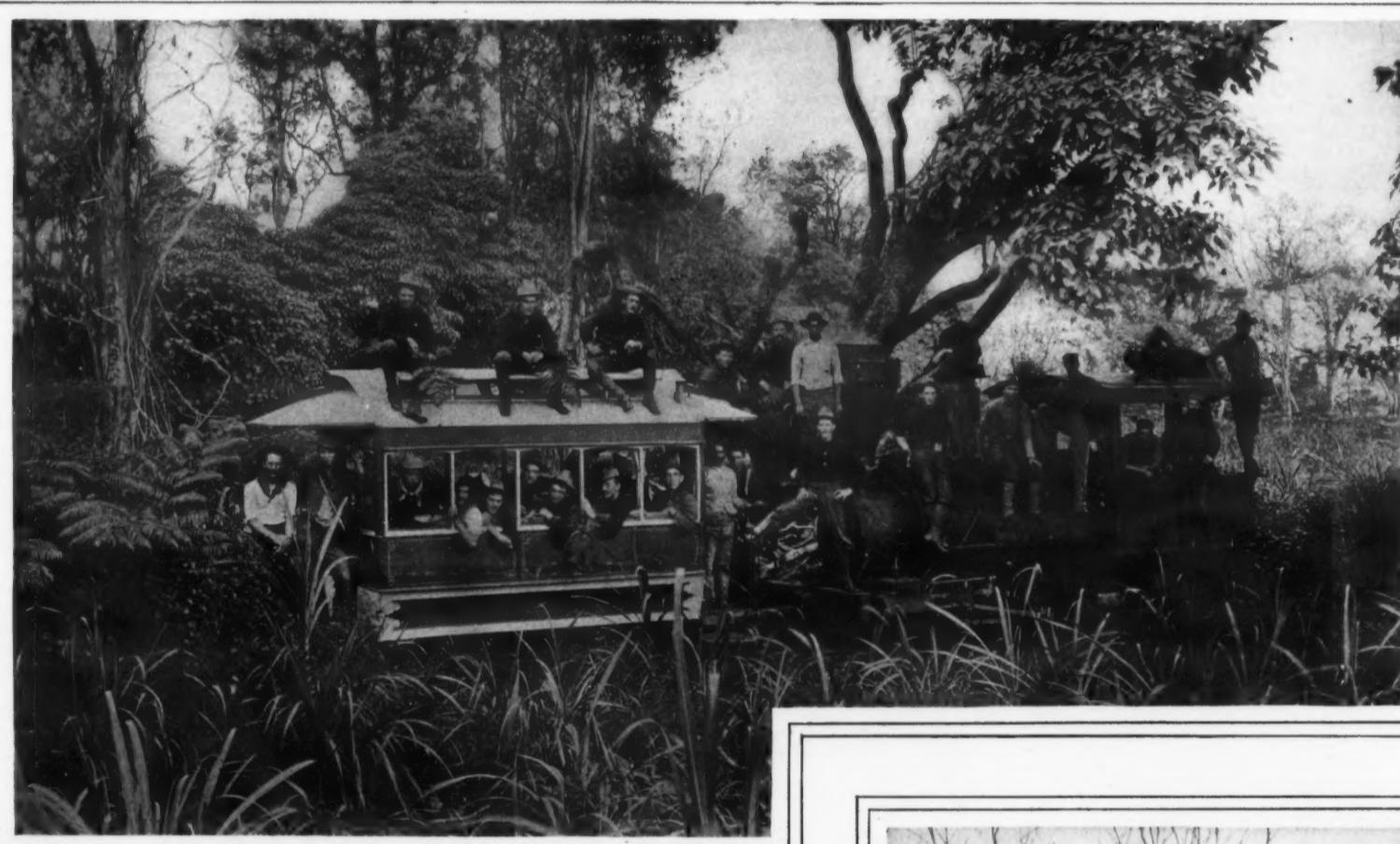
Copyright, 1890, by Rockwood.



THE SPANISH BLOCKADE-BRUNNER "ALPHONSO XII.," WHICH LAY ALONGSIDE THE "MAINE" WHEN THE LATTER WAS BLOWN UP, AND WHICH WAS SUNK BY OUR GUN-BOATS AT MARIEL, CUBA.—Major Russell B. Harrison. (Prize-winner.)



NEGRO BAPTISMAL SERVICE.—THE WOMAN IN WHITE IS ABOUT TO BE IMMERSED.—E. W. W. Halpin, Vicksburg, Miss.



AN OUTING OF MEMBERS OF COMPANY K, FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, IN HAWAII.—Frederic Knickerbocker.



CRASH OF TWO LOCOMOTIVES NEAR AUBURN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 26TH.—FOUR PERSONS KILLED.—George S. Booth, Auburn, N. Y.



THE LOG-CABIN ON THE OHIO RIVER, NEAR POINT PLEASANT, WHERE GENERAL U. S. GRANT WAS BORN. Mrs. Gus F. Wolf, Mt. Washington, O.

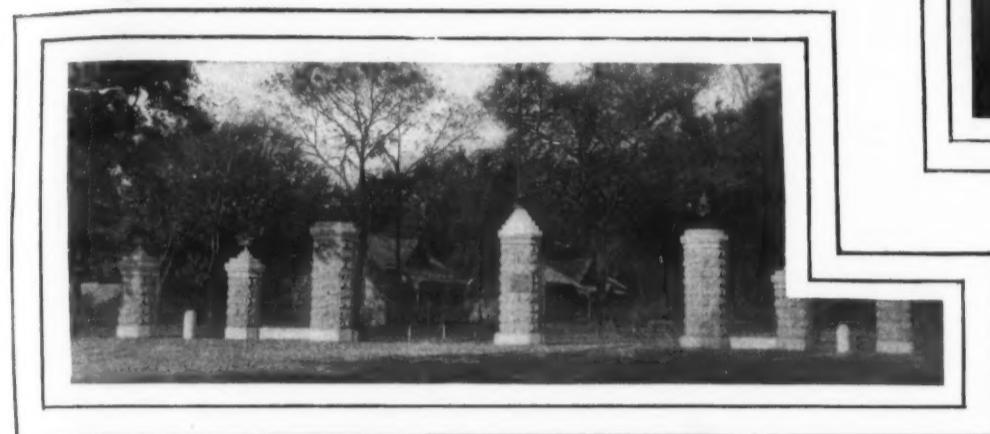
OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—HAVANA, CUBA, WINS.
(SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON EDITORIAL PAGE)



ARRIVAL OF THE FIGHTING TWENTIETH KANSAS AT THE TOPEKA STATION.



BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION OF THE CAPITOL AT TOPEKA.



MEMORIAL GATE AT THE ENTRANCE OF FOREST PARK, OTTAWA, KAN., DEDICATED TO THE FIGHTING TWENTIETH.

Harvard First in Foot-ball.

CORNELL COMES NEXT — HER HARVARD METHODS WIN AGAINST COLUMBIA, COACHED BY A YALE MAN.

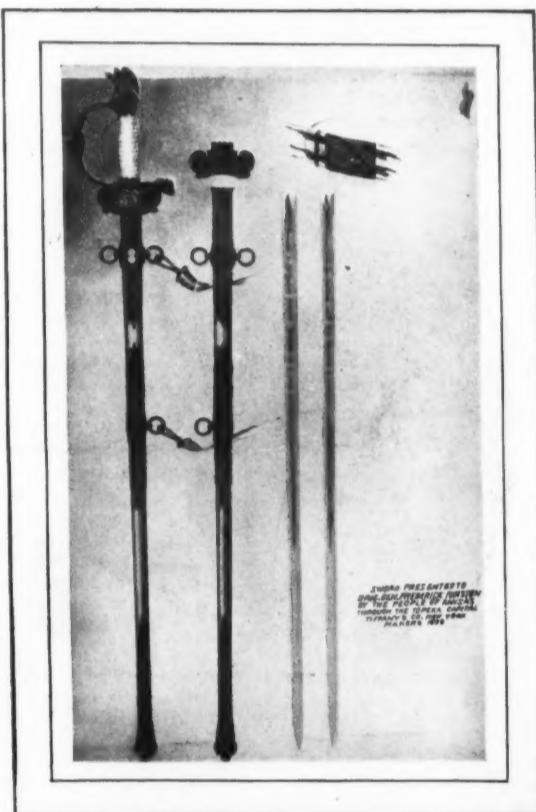
HARVARD foot-ball methods are surely succeeding in 1899. The "crimson" team won easily from the University of Pennsylvania (16-0) at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on November 4th, and Cornell, coached and developed by Percy Houghton, an old Cambridge player, fairly overwhelmed Columbia by the score of 29-0 on election day in New York. Last year Harvard was in a class far ahead of the other college elevens. New life had been instilled into the team by "Ben" Dibblee, its captain, and the crimson banner waved triumphant over the gridiron in 1898. The same spirit has obtained at Cambridge this fall, and a splendid eleven has been turned out. It was expected that Harvard would beat Pennsylvania, from the records of the two teams prior to their meeting. Harvard had not lost a game this fall, and had been scored against only once; that was when she played Carlisle (22-11). On the other hand, the "red and blue" had been beaten twice, and had been scored against in every game but two.

As was expected, the Cambridge men overcame their Quaker opponents in a game which, while proving Harvard's superiority, showed also a marked degree of fumbling on the part of the

winners. Too much praise cannot be given to Captain T. T. Hare, of Pennsylvania, who was in every tackle and play; and to Coombs, right-end, for the manner in which he broke up Harvard's interference and never failed to "nail" the runner. The game itself was uninteresting, but there was a certain conservativeness about the Crimson's play which means that there is a lot of energy stored up her sleeve in reserve for the Yale game.

The game on the 28th of last month between Yale and Columbia was, in reality, Yale against Yale. Columbia's coach, George Foster Sanford, was a New Haven player in his day, and one of the best. The "blue and white" won. Cornell had played against Princeton and beaten her. So it fell to the lot of the brawny Ithacans and the lively New-Yorkers to fight it out for the highest position after Harvard in the foot-ball world.

Virtually, it was Harvard against Yale, Houghton having developed Cornell, and Sanford Columbia. Cornell won the victory by possessing the better team and by playing a superior game. Her line was a fortress against Columbia, when Wright was disqualified from the latter side. The interference of the "red and white" was literally stamped all over with Harvard, Harvard, Harvard. In fact, omit the white rings on the stockings of the Cornell players, and I am bound to say that the whole play made me think that I was watching Harvard against



THE \$1,000 SWORD PRESENTED TO GENERAL FUNSTON BY THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS. TIFFANY & CO., NEW YORK, MAKERS.—[See Page 379.]

"Penn." again. The offensive work of the Ithacans' centre was not so good. How they won the game was through thoroughly worked-up team play.

When Columbia lost her captain, Wilson, on account of injuries, the starch was taken out of the eleven. The men played doggedly, but without any headwork. Their stand on their one-yard line for four downs shows the tenacity of their struggle. But they fumbled, fumbled, and then for a change fumbled. The eleven became disorganized. Each man played for himself. What could he do against a perfect machine? Hard luck, to my mind, prevented Columbia from showing her true strength. The eleven men who lined up against Cornell were the same ones who opposed Yale the week before; still it was not the same team. Cornell would have won, I do not doubt, had the "blue and white" had the same condition as they possessed against Yale, had they not lost their captain, and had they retained their heads. But I should have liked to have seen the game then.

CHARLES CHAPIN SARGENT, JR.

Everybody Using the Telephone.

THE telephone has become a necessity of modern life, and whatever tends to cheapen the telephone service and enlarge its sphere of operations deserves support and encouragement. There has been a rapid increase of independent telephone companies. It is stated that the close of this year will see 3,500 independent telephone exchanges in operation, having over 750,000 instruments. In 1880 there were under rental use in the country 60,573 telephones. One year later the number had increased to 132,602. In 1898 the number of telephones in use was over 1,000,000. In 1885 there was in use in the various systems and modes of building 137,223 miles of telephone-wire. At the beginning of this year the mileage had increased to 1,158,000 miles. The use of the telephone is more common in the United States than in any other country.



NEW YORK'S FAMOUS ANNUAL HORSE SHOW.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BEST SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES GATHERED UNDER THE GLITTERING ROOF OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, TO WITNESS THE JUDGMENT ON AMERICA'S BEST HIGH STEPPERS.
Photograph by A. B. Phelan.—[See Page 398.]

A ROMANCE OF THE HORSE SHOW.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

On the fourth night of the horse show, as I swept grandly up the promenade, I was conscious that I was making a sensation. As I entered our box in full view of 16,000 people my ears detected a suppressed "Ah!" For my sable cape was simply regal. It was a great mass of fur covering my entire gown. Its value was almost priceless. As I threw off the sable the soft, refined murmuring continued, and I knew that the New-Yorkers were saying, "That Chicago heiress!" "Westerner!" "Parvenu!" But what cared I? Can I not buy as much happiness with the money my pop makes in beef-suet as New-Yorkers can with money made in oil, or sugar, or dry-goods? I mention my clothes first of all because the show is a horse show secondarily, and a clothes show primarily. On this fourth night I made my tenth appearance, wearing my tenth different gown; for I had attended every afternoon and evening and twice in the forenoon—for an object. My object was to meet a single individual called Sir Charles Random.

I wondered if Charlie had seen my sables. I wondered if now, like the others, he was eying my frock. Imagine a gray, shimmering, shining mist surrounding a bachelor-maid's figure, the gray mist glittering as if the dew had fallen on it especially for the sun to shine upon. That was the effect of my gown. It was, in commonplace words, simply a gray silk veiled in pale gray tulle, embroidered in a shower pattern with crystal and steel combined. That gown cost pop an even eight hundred dollars—just twice as much as our arena-box cost for the whole week. By "our box" I don't mean pop's and mine. I wouldn't have pop here for anything. He would laugh out loud and say he was hungry, and that would be so horribly vulgar at a show at which you are supposed to look tremendously unenthusiastic. No; I left pop at home, engrossed in his beef-suet plant. "Our box" means the box occupied by my happily-married Prairie Avenue chum, with whom I had run over from Chicago, and her hubby and myself.

As if my arrival had been a signal, a bugler now awakened

the echoes with a magnificent fanfare. The iron gates at the end of the huge tan-bark oval rolled back, and into the inclosure came a dozen society horses with docked tails and a high, jerky action. These beasts, the rivals of the beauties in the boxes, were to be judged, and one of them was to receive the blue ribbon. Which? Was I dreaming, or was that Charlie himself riding that beautiful chestnut mare?

Yes, it was he. He rode close to the fence. Now he was right in front of our box, and between us there was only the boardwalk. His eye caught mine, but he suddenly looked away with an intense not-if-I-see-you-first expression. He must have imparted his nervousness to his mount, for the horse shied, caromed against a splendid hackney, and then began kicking in a thoroughly spoiled-child way. So the judges ordered the unruly horse off the tan-bark in disgrace. No blue ribbon for Charlie for the saddle-horse class, any way. I chuckled. I was delighted. "There are other prizes in this show," thought I, "than purses and blue ribbons."

Charlie is Sir Charles Random, of Random Manor, England. But he hasn't seen his manor lands since his boyhood. He has lived in America so many years that, excepting on the days when he receives his draft for rents paid by his tenantry, he forgets he's a baronet, and insists upon being called just plain Charlie. Three years ago, when he visited Chicago, he and I became firm friends. Pop was frightfully poor at that time, for he had not then perfected his beef-suet. Charlie used to ask me to go with him to social functions, and I accepted invitations as long as my single, solitary evening-gown lasted. One day Charlie sent word that I simply must go with him to an opera, first performance, that evening. My instinct told me that I could not go to the opera, even Chicago opera, in that antique, shabby-genteel gown of mine. Charlie's own words gave me an excuse. His note said "must." So I wrote back: "My



"THE YOUNGEST OF PROFESSIONAL HORSEWOMEN."

for lack of a gown. "Well, then," said Charlie, "I leave Chicago to-morrow, and if you don't change your mind and say yes the next time we meet, wherever and whenever that may be, I solemnly swear, by all the coronets of my ancestors, that thereafter and forever I'll ride in nothing but an automobile."

Now that was the most dreadful oath a confirmed horseman like Charlie could have taken. And that was why he was evading me now, the first time I had seen him since he left me with that vow upon his lips. He had been evading me all the week. I knew that in his mind was the thought that if he should speak to me, and I should say him nay, he would then and there be obliged to meet his doom, the automobile. He was evidently determined to hold out to the end of the horse show, thinking it would be the last he could ever attend with the enjoyment of an active horseman. Moreover, Charlie had entered his park four-in-hand for the blue ribbon, and should he ask my hand and be refused before the night on which he was to enter the arena he would then, according to his oath, have to withdraw his horses, lose all chance of the blue ribbon, and henceforth be eligible only to membership in the automobile club. His evident desire to avoid meeting me proved two things: that he had his heart set on a blue ribbon, and that he expected my answer to be no.

And to-night, Thursday, ten four-in-hands, class sixty-six, were to be judged, and for the sake of making sure of this one event Charlie had been evading me all the week. My Prairie Avenue chum had whispered to me that Sir Charles intended to take the blue ribbon, if possible, and then sail Saturday for Random Manor, England. I thereupon resolved that that very evening Sir Charles Random should recognize a certain bachelor-maid in that vast audience. I also determined that if he took any prize that evening it should not have the form of a blue ribbon.

The judging now began in earnest. What a picture, meanwhile, the garden made—the great roofed oval of tan-bark flanked by parterres of boxes, the loops and festoons of black and yellow, the endless surge and shimmer of silk-robed thousands, the glitter of diamonds, the prodigal display of symmetrical shoulders, eyes sparkling with merriment. Compared with the general riot of color the solar spectrum would seem dull. The gowns had all the tints of yellow, green, and blue, the flowers had all the glories of autumn. Horses, clothes, beauty, wit of men, witchery of women—Charlie had disappeared, but how desperately interesting it all was! Even to the clerk, who had bought a new ready-made suit for the

occasion; even to the milliner, man or woman, who had come to get the annual "hints from Paris," even these must have felt a kind of elation in being part of the finest-looking assemblage that can be seen in all America. It was a spectacle of the best that athletics, tailors, dressmakers, milliners, valets, masseurs, and good cooks can do for humanity. And woman's rival of the evening, the horse, matched her bloom with his glossiness of coat, her jewels by his glittering trappings, her glamour and wealth and station by his peerless style and length of pedigree. There was no other king but Equus Rex, but woman was still queen.

"I return you to yourself," said a great financier, handing a rose—an American Beauty—to a vivacious matron in the box adjoining ours. The vivacious matron was the mother of a duchess. Voices from the throng in the promenade below came to my ear. "Just think," said a feminine voice, "that when I get back to Chicago I can tell the folks that I stood near enough to the mother of a duchess to touch her! Won't they just envy me?" The speaker, poor, dear middle-class lady, hailed from my own Chicago, as her speech, uttered with such an expression of devout thankfulness, indicated.

In the box on the other side of me sat the sister-in-law of a countess. How the passing throng in the promenade stared at her. Newspaper writers and artists stationed themselves brazenly in front of the boxes and made notes and sketches. Some millionaires, averse to newspaper notoriety, sat in the seats behind the boxes. Others, who did not wish to be recognized, changed their boxes each evening. This was the method our party pursued. To-night we were sitting in the box belonging to the daughter and granddaughter of an eminent railroad king, and they were occupying our own box. The night before we exchanged with the widow of a mighty sugar king. Another night we exchanged with Mrs. T—, who always came with a different horse-show bouquet. To-night we were joined by a quietly-dressed young woman with a face that was mistaken by the crowd for plain. So none stared at her. Yet she was heiress to millions. Had the crowd known her, she would certainly have received the adulation due to golden beauty.

The fact cannot be ignored that we were on exhibition, all of us—even to the most patriotic of my friends; even that lovely matron, the queen of the show; even my friend who sets the pace for the younger set; and the woman whom we all know never misses a horse show; and she who is simply the essence of horse show witchery; not to speak of that lovely girl a few boxes away, the daughter of a great traction magnate; and her party, including the daughter of a millionaire contractor, and her friend, the leader of the hunting set, together with the fashionable riding-teacher and her daughter—the most popular of professional horsewomen.

Now and then the genuine horseman passed by—not the society horseman, but the hard-visaged, clean-shaven, keen-eyed type, who usually carries a chip of straw between his lips. Then there were the darlings of the clubs, who promenade the boardwalks in all the glory of impossible riding-breeches, vests that suggest a conflagration, and the real thing in ties. One of these horsemen brought in a lighted cigar. He threw it on the floor in front of our box. It lay there, slowly eating its way into the wooden promenade. Then a woman stood over it, all unconscious of danger in her effort to scan the occupants of our box through her lorgnette. Suddenly she screamed. A puff of flame jumped up almost in her face. Smoke was all around her. The woman seized the hem of her dress—it had caught fire from the cigar. A young man stepped forward and made as if to smother the flame. At that moment his eyes looked



"SHE CAME ALWAYS WITH A DIFFERENT HORSE-SHOW BOUQUET."



"THE DAUGHTER OF A GREAT TRACTION MAGNATE."



"THE BEAUTIFUL AND MODEST DAUGHTER OF A RAILROAD KING."



"SHE WAS ALWAYS THE ESSENCE OF HORSE-SHOW WITCHERY."



"SHE NEVER MISSES A HORSE SHOW."



"THE DAUGHTER OF A MILLIONAIRE CONTRACTOR."

into mine, for I was leaning over the box looking at the frightened woman. It was Charlie! Instantly he turned his face away and made off as if upon an important errand. Evidently he would even let a woman burn to death rather than recognize me. Anything to evade me. Meanwhile, another gallant had done Charlie's work for him. The flames were smothered, the danger over. Charlie had again disappeared, but I determined that this time he should not escape me.

I asked Jack—that's my Prairie Avenue chum's hubby—to take me for a turn round the board-walk, and to hurry. As we took our place in the throng the whole newspaper gallery seemed to swarm around me, as if the press of New York had been lying in wait for me to step down from my box. Any way, I was caught in ambush, and I knew that every stitch in my gown was affording opportunity for "copy," and that my every movement and, if possible, my every word meant "space" the next morning for one of those newspaper men or women. Suddenly the bugler executed another fanfare. This I knew to be the signal for the four-in-hands to enter for judgment. Quick as thought I asked my escort to lead me to the iron gates by which the coaches would enter.

With the vision of ten splendid park four-in-hands everybody ceased to think of gowns and

modes and flowers. The ellipse of boxes and the gayly-clad throng and all else were forgotten for a while. Every attention was given to trappings, harnesses, and appointments. Every nicely of detail was carefully observed; even the most critical could find little fault with the manner in which the horses were prepared for the exhibit.

At last came the Sir Charles Random coach, with Sir Charles as whip. As he drove up, I boldly stepped forward directly in the track of the leaders, and Sir Charles had to bring the beasts to their haunches. Then, as if I had entered the inclosure by mistake, I stepped backward and out of the way, never once looking up at Charlie. All this had happened within the count of three, but, as it proved, the exciting event of the evening was the unseemly conduct of Sir Charles Random's coach-horses. People remarked that Sir Charles seemed nervous and "rattled." The horses were coming in like a four-in-hand of comets, when the groom released the leader's head suddenly and the giddy beast slipped and fell.

The next moment the four horses were piled upon one another like an equine foot-ball team. Grooms by the dozen threw themselves into the vortex, and for five minutes Sir Charles Random's outfit behaved in a manner perilous to themselves and to numbers of unimportant people. The finest sight of all was to watch the stoical Sir Charles. While his horses tried to ruin themselves he didn't even turn a hair. The violets in his button-hole turned not one leaf. When a protocol had

been arranged between the grooms and the horses it was found that the off-wheeler had changed places with the near leader, and the others were facing the coach. They were straightened out without other harm—but for this mishap again Charlie lost the blue ribbon.

I still made Jack stay with me, right there by the iron gates. Presently Charlie climbed down from the box and—I knew it simply had to happen—he came toward me and saluted in an off-hand way, as if we had met only the evening before instead

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF A RAILROAD KING.

of three years before, and as if I were not now an heiress, but still the one-gown girl he had asked to wife. Said he: "I've been thinking that there are prizes to be had at this show other than purses and blue ribbons."

"I've been thinking such things myself," I replied.

That was every word we exchanged. Charlie was called away to see to his injured horses, and Jack hurried me back to our box. The next morning a copy of one of the yellow newspapers was brought to me. On the first page—great heavens! there was a series of pictures of myself at all my ages, and pictures of pop's beef-suet plant, and a picture of Sir Charles Random and his manor-house in England, and great head-lines announcing me as the future Lady Random, the betrothal having taken place at the horse show the evening before. I thought of the reporters who had swarmed around me, and guessed, correctly enough, that one of them had heard the only two remarks which Sir Charles and I had exchanged. I dressed and drove straight down to Madison Square Garden. As I entered, Charlie, arrayed in his horset clothes, sauntered up to me with a copy of a newspaper in his hand.

"Interesting news," said he.

"Very interesting," I assented.

"Think it's true?" he asked.

"Shouldn't wonder," I replied.

Well, in horsey language, Sir Charles has conformation and quality and style and all-around action; is well bred and capable of going a good pace. And I rather guess we will match pretty well as a team and behave well in double harness.



THE MOTHER OF THE DUCHESS

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

That Ussian of Usland.

ANENT THE BOUNDARY LINE.—"LEST WE FORGET, LEST WE FORGET."

"I AM an Ussian true," he said:
"Keep off the grass there, Mister Bull!
For if you don't I'll bang your head
And bang your belly-full."

"Now mark, my burly jingo-man,
So prone to muss and fuss and cuss,
I am an Ussian, spicke and span,
From out the Land of Us!"

The stout man smote a frosty smile—
"An Ussian? Russian, Rush, or Russ?"
"No, no! an Ussian, every while:
My land the Land of Us."

"Aw! Usland, Utland? or, maybe,
Some Venezuela I'd forgot.
Hand out your map and let me see
Where Usland is and what."

The lank man leaned and spread his map
And shewed the land and shewed,
Then eyed and eyed that paunchy chap,
And stroked his beard and chewed.

"What do you want?" A face grew red,
And red chop whiskers redder grew.
"I want the earth," the Ussian said.
"And all Alaska, too."

"My stars swim up you seas of blue;
No Shind am I, Boer, Turk, or Russ.
I am an Ussian—Ussian true;
My land the Land of Us."

"My triple North Star lights me on,
My Southern Cross leads ever thus;
My sun scarce sets till burst of dawn.
Hands off the Land of Us!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

New York's Strange Theatres.

THINGS AT THE CHINESE AND HEBREW PLAY-HOUSES THAT STRIKE THE STRANGER AS VERY ODD.

If you should happen to find your way into the little kingdom over which Chuck Connors rules in undisputed sovereignty, and will walk for a few yards along Doyers Street, which strikes right at the head of Chinatown, you will in all probability pass without notice a square blank space of red boarding, a low, beetle-browed door, over which hangs a dim gas-lamp, the whole suggesting the entrance to the gallery of the days of Macready and the first Booth. Scattered over the boarding and the door are little yellow posters printed in the language of the flowery kingdom. Translated into the vernacular of New York the posters bear a strong family resemblance to the rhythmical deliverances issued by the press agents of the comic-opera shows. You are in front of the Chinese theatre, of which few people outside of Pell and Doyers streets have ever heard. You pass in under the shade of the door, disorganize your brains against the little wooden projection over the ticket-seller's office, fall down four or five dark steps, and when you have gathered yourself up and recovered your sanity you will find yourself inside the theatre. That is to say, you will do these things if you are an American. But if you are a Chinaman you will walk through inky darkness with the ease and authority born of long usage. Because to the average Chinaman the Chinese theatre is the only tangible reality in life outside Joss and fan-tan.

Before you, as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness and the dim, opaque glare of the Chinese lamps, stretch rows upon rows of hard wooden benches filled with the blue smock frocks, the pig-tails, and the "dead" faces of the Mongolian gentlemen who wash and iron for the other half of New York.

Adown a gentle slope the benches run until they terminate at the stage, filling an acute angle in the southeast corner of the room. The stage measures ten feet by four. It happens to be a night of melodrama, and the grouping of the central figures would make Charles Frohman desire to die.

The average Chinese melodrama is about sixteen acts long and never takes more than two weeks to play. A Chinese production possesses at least one distinguishing feature, in that it is interpreted entirely by men. Drama, comedy, or comic opera, it matters not—the immutable law of China demands that no woman shall set foot upon the stage. And Chuck Connors is prepared to swear that the Chinese stage-manager could play "The Black Crook" or "La Belle Helene" without the aid of a single chorus-girl.

Over the audience rests a settled, immovable stillness, unbroken even by a sigh. No expression referable to sorrow, sympathy, joy, or tears lightens the blank, dead wall of the faces. The Chinaman is impregnate. De Wolf Hopper in a joyous mood: Francis Wilson, tumbling up four flights of property-stairs; D'Artagnan playing cut-and-thrust with half a king's company; or Irving writhing in the last agonies of Mathias's dream, would fail to move him. He is beyond emotion, beyond surprise. When the villain who has been killed presently gets up and strolls off the stage under escort of the property-man, who has been nudging him back to life, his face never moves. Only once do his eyes change, and that is while the property-man is on the stage, and he is never off it. The Chinese property-man sees his duty to the management, and puts it into practical effect. No "property" shall escape him. He gathers all things by the way. When the Chinese Romeo slays Tybalt the property-man steps on to the stage, gathers up Tybalt's sword, cap and cloak, and things, and walks off with them. He would enter Macbeth's banquet-hall while that weak-kneed monarch was exorcising Banquo's ghost, gather up the goblets and plates in one arm and Macbeth's chair with the other, and carry them away. He would pluck the roses from Elaine's breast; he would take the dagger from Juliet's dead hand; he would interrupt Hamlet's soliloquy in the churchyard with

a request for Yorick's skull; and he would interpose in the murder of Desdemona to remove the pillows from her bed.

Going out of the darkness into the sunlight and turning into the Bowery again, you presently find yourself outside the old Bowery Theatre, still the best-built house in the city, and in these days the home of the Hebrew drama. The Hebrew drama, unlike the Hebrew audience, has no distinctive character. It is drawn impartially from the literature of all nations and all tongues. I remember dropping into the theatre one Friday night about four years ago while a play of the domestic pattern was in process of development. The house was packed to the doors with the men, women, and children drawn from the world east of the Bowery. Something in the situations and in the "business" of the scenes impressed me with a sense of familiarity, and then, presently, out of the mists of memory there arose, hidden under the Hebrew tongue, my friend "The Willow Copse," in which poor old Coulcock drew tears from the Bowery in the days long gone. And the simple humanity in the pit and gallery laughed and cried by turns as the Bowery audiences of thirty years ago laughed and cried over Coulcock. The play, breathing a sentiment that could find no response in the hearts of the men and women of these degenerate days, had lost none of its power of truth to these toilers of the sweat-shop and the factory.

Each father in the audience had brought his family with him—from the shriveled, haggard little figure of a woman on his arm, right along the line of nine children to the last new baby. Between their tears over the sorrows of the wayward daughter they munched apples or gingerbread cakes. The voice of the man with the apples and oranges wandering from pit to circle, and circle to gallery, was heard in gentle appeal to come and be refreshed. For the Hebrew, ever faithful to ancient tradition, clings to this good old custom, long fallen into disrepute, like all else that belonged to a better time. And watching their toil-worn faces as they file out of the theatre back to their hovels behind the Bowery, one wonders how much of the lesson of simple love and faith and truth may be learned by Fashion and her worshipers. (See illustration by Hy. Mayer in this issue.)

SAQUI SMITH.

Kansas Welcomes Its Fighters.

THE RETURN OF THE TWENTIETH KANSAS, HEADED BY GEN. FUNSTON.

THE Twentieth Kansas Regiment, home from the Philippines, found on reaching Topeka 75,000 Kansans, from all parts of the State, gathered to welcome them home. Preparations had been under way for a couple of months; \$2,000 was allowed a committee on decoration, and the town was transformed into a fluttering fairy-land of red, white and blue. November 2d the last section of the train bearing the regiment arrived in Topeka.

Half an hour was allowed for greeting friends at the depot. Then the parade, over a mile long, marched past the reviewing stand at the state-house, led by Brigadier-General F. Funston and Mrs. Funston in a carriage drawn by four horses. At the stand, General Funston and wife were greeted by a committee composed of Governor Stanley, ex-Governor Morrill, Chief Justice Doster, General J. K. Hudson, William Allen White, Adjutant-General Fox, and Mayor Drew, amid wild cheers of "Rock, Chalk, Jay Hawk, K. U!"—the State university yell, with which the regiment charged on the battle-field of Luzon. General Funston was a university graduate.

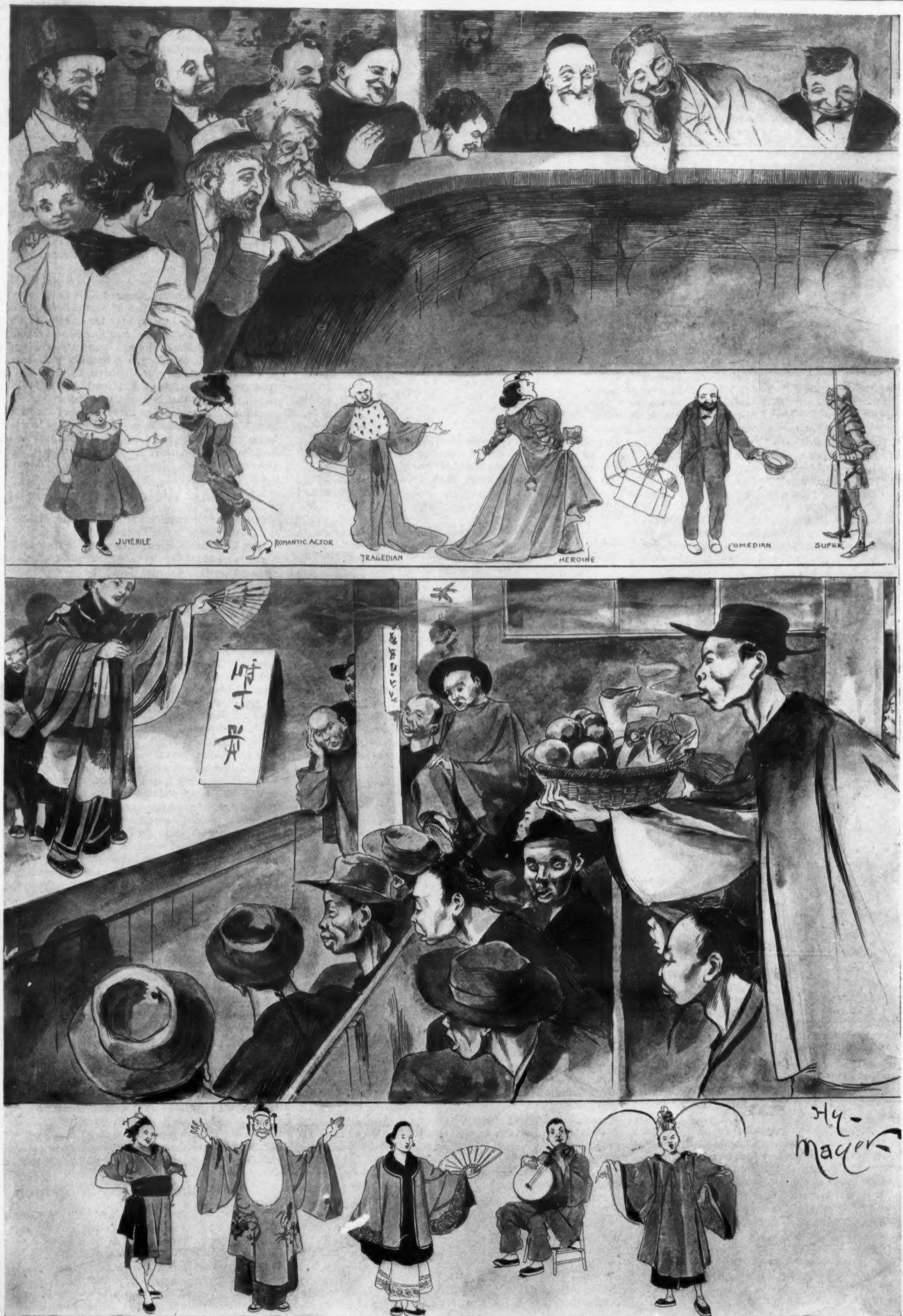
There were thirty Kansas bands, a thousand school-children singing "America," and other notable features in the procession. General J. K. Hudson presented, on behalf of the State, a thousand-dollar jeweled sword to General Funston. General Funston, in his remarks, said: "The war is not yet ended. But I want to predict that within a year the States of Luzon and Mindanao will be as peaceful as Massachusetts." In the evening the ladies gave the regiment a banquet, after which the entire state-house was thrown open for a public reception; \$5,000 worth of fireworks made a display that had never been equaled in the State. The electric display on the capitol building included four mottoes blazing with these words, "Welcome Home," "Our Fighting Twentieth," "All Kansas Honors the Twentieth," and "Twas Well Defended," the last motto being under an illuminated flag. The night trains bore the soldier-boys to their home towns, where the next day they were given receptions by their fellow-townsmen.

The sword presented to General Funston was made by Tiffany, of New York, in a competitive contest in which the competitors were unknown until after the award had been made. The grip is of sterling silver, and the guard is formed of a female figure bearing a laurel wreath and torch. On the guard is the monogram F. F. made of diamonds. The guard terminates in a sunflower, the centre of which is a carved topaz. The scabbard is of sterling silver, and upon its bands are inscribed the names of the Philippine battles in which General Funston's command participated. The blade is properly inscribed and, excepting the steel it contains, every particle of metal in the sword is of sterling silver. It is one of the finest pieces of work ever turned out by Tiffany, and does that famous establishment great credit.

Alaska Getting Warmer.

PROSPECTIVE visitors and gold-seekers in the Klondike region may extract some comfort from the discovery, made by the Harriman Alaska expedition, that most of the glaciers which abound in that territory are receding. The fact is an indication that the average weather there is growing warmer. If it were growing colder the glaciers would be advancing; while if it were about the same one year with another they would maintain the same general position, neither creeping nearer to the sea nor melting away from their terminal moraines. The rate of glacial recession is so slow, however, that fur overcoats and warm sleeping-bags are likely to remain as a part of the necessary equipment of Alaskan travel for some years to come. Nothing, it may be added, is slower than the movement of a glacier except the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute. The controversy over that question is the warmest thing that Alaska is likely to see for some time. If certain Canadian statesmen will go up there and talk as hotly as they did recently at Ottawa the climatic change will be "on" at once.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF A RAILROAD KING.

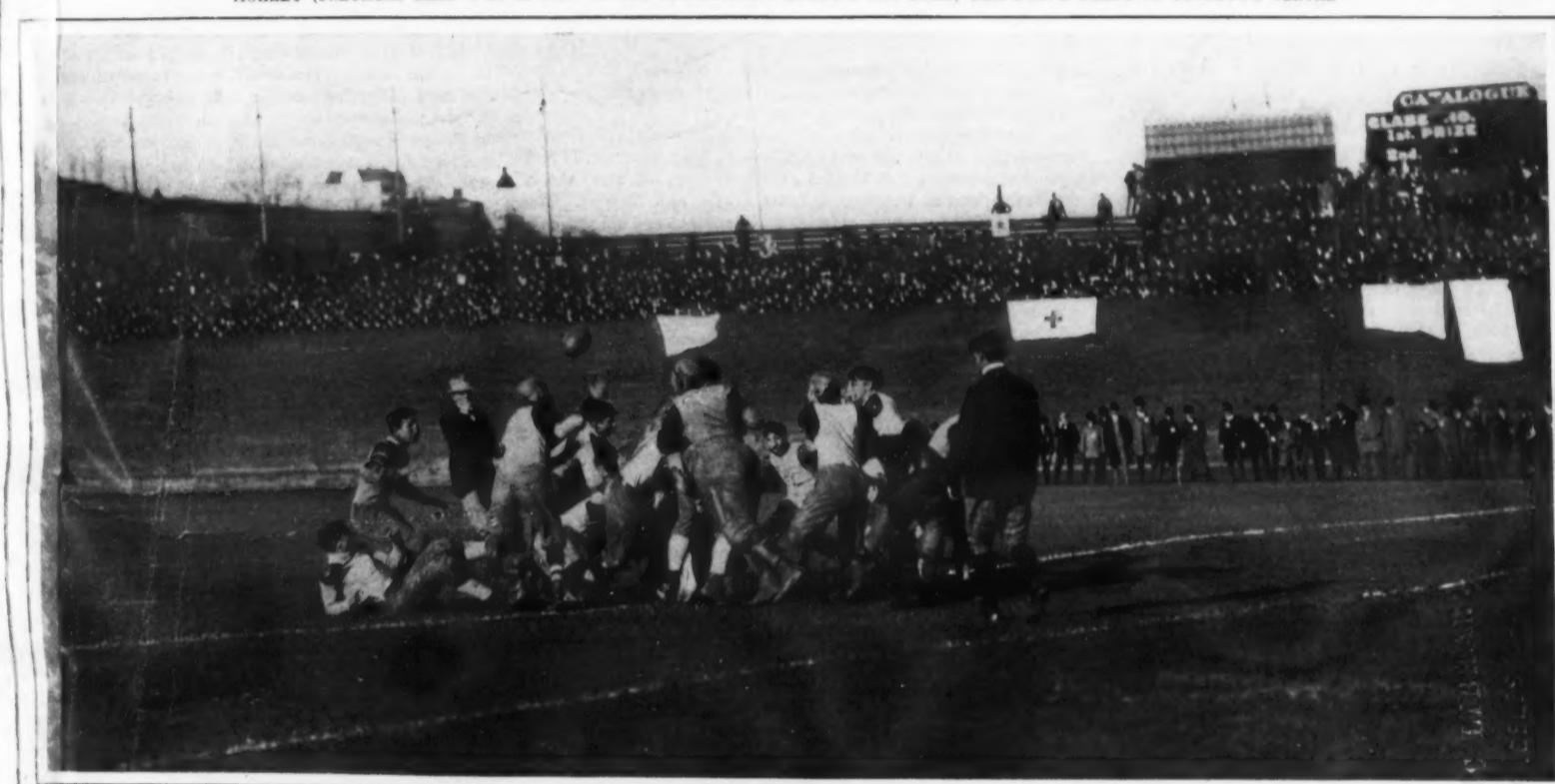


NEW YORK'S STRANGE THEATRES.

TYPICAL VIEWS OF THE HEBREW AND CHINESE PLAY-HOUSES, WHICH VISITORS TO THE CITY FIND PARTICULARLY INTERESTING.
 [SEE PAGE 399.]



MORLEY (COLUMBIA HALF WHO IS SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH HOLDING THE BALL) GAINS FIVE YARDS TO CORNELL'S CENTRE



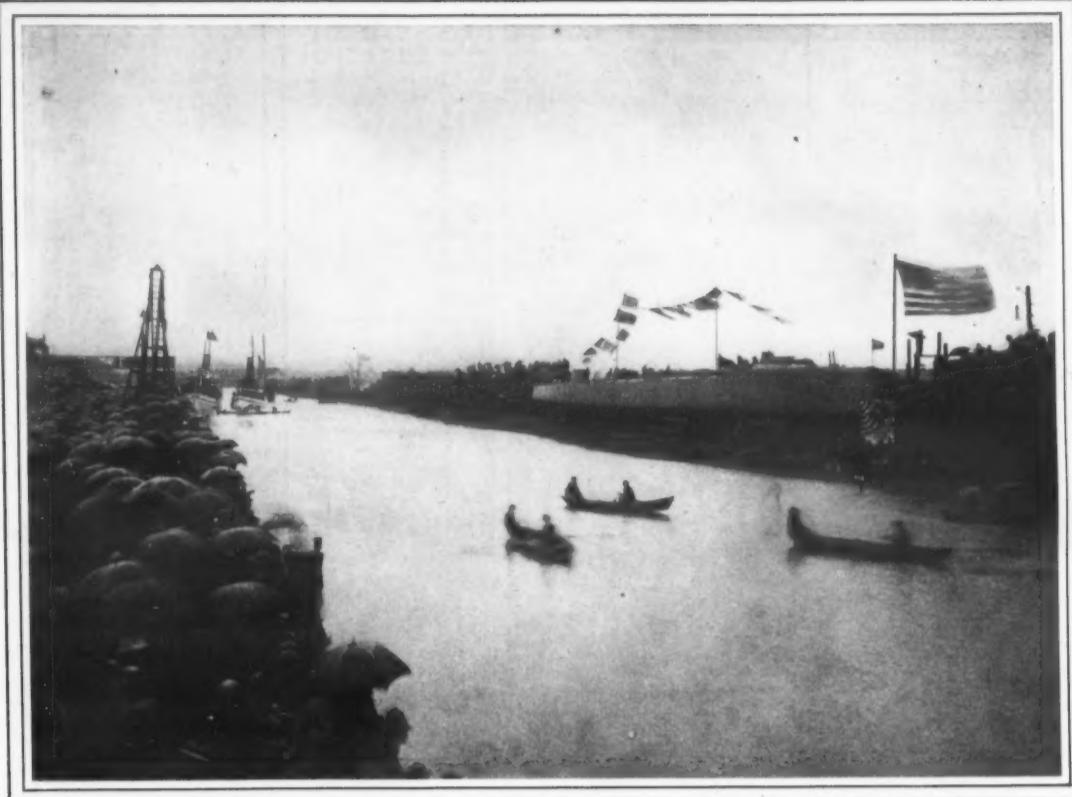
COLUMBIA'S FATAL FUMBLE OF THE BALL, WHICH RESULTED IN A LONG RUN FOR CORNELL.



ELLIS (MARKED NO. 1), HARVARD'S FULL-BACK, GOING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA'S CENTRE FOR A BIG GAIN.

AN EXCITING FOOT-BALL YEAR.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE LEADING UNIVERSITY ELEVENTHS FOR SUPREMACY ON THE GRIDIRON.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMEST.
(See Page 307.)



REVIVAL OF WAR-SHIP BUILDING IN THE SOUTH—THE "SHUBRICK," JUST BEFORE SHE LEFT THE WAYS, AT RICHMOND, VA.

The South to the Front Again.

THE NEW TORPEDO BOAT "SHUBRICK" LAUNCHED AT RICHMOND, VA., THE FIRST WAR VESSEL BUILT IN THE SOUTH SINCE THE CIVIL WAR'S CLOSE.

The launching of the new torpedo-boat *Shubrick* on Tuesday, October 31st, from the works of the William R. Trigg Company, Richmond, Va., was a notable event for that city and the South, inasmuch as she represents solely the handicraft and industry of Southern workmanship. The opening up of a new and unsuspected ship-building centre in the South, equipped with the most skilled mechanical appliances for modern marine construction, which had hitherto been supposed to exist exclusively in the yards of the North, marks another history-making epoch for the Old Dominion State. The progressive and loyal spirit of the South, marking the disappearance of the old sectional barriers, is fittingly shown in the building of this, the first war-vessel in Richmond since the Civil War, although that city has made another recent contribution to the navy, having equipped the battle-ship *Texas* with all her boilers and engines, which were tried and tested with complete satisfaction during the naval engagement in the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

President McKinley, in his address at the launching, con-

gratulated the builders and workmen upon their skill in the construction of the new torpedo-boat out of American material and by the labor of American workmen.

The following are some of the main features of the *Shubrick*: Speed, 26 knots; length over all, 175 feet; beam extreme, 17 feet 8 inches; draft, 4 feet 8 inches; displacement, 165 tons; she is the same size as the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Dupont*. The *Shubrick* is to carry a crew of two commissioned officers, and twenty-six petty officers and men; she is armed with three torpedo-tubes and four six-pound rapid-firing guns. The *Shubrick* is the first one launched of the twenty-eight torpedo-boats and destroyers for which the government let contracts last fall, of which the William R. Trigg Company was awarded five, three torpedo-boats and two destroyers. The *Shubrick* will probably be delivered to the government by March next.

WALTER L. BEASLEY.

The Finest in the World.

THE NEW TRANSPORT "THOMAS"—THE UNITED STATES HAS LEARNED A LESSON BY EXPERIENCE.

The United States government now has the largest and finest transport in the world. This latest addition to the navy is the transport *Thomas*, which sailed on Saturday, November 4th, from New York, having on board the Forty-seventh Regiment of infantry, under command of Colonel Walter Howe, from Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, bound for the Philippines. Dressed in a new coat of white paint and gayly festooned with hundreds of signal-flags flying in the breeze, the regimental band playing, with decks crowded with officers and soldiers waving adieu, the *Thomas* presented a majestic appearance. Besides conveying the soldiers to Manila, the *Thomas* carries an immense amount of

stores and a miscellaneous cargo of presents; for she is to be the Santa Claus ship for the officers and soldier-boys in the Philippines.

The over-crowded and mismanaged system employed during the Spanish war in handling the transports, and the experiences gained therefrom, has resulted in the creation of this, the model transport of the world, the like of which no foreign country can boast an equal. She is a fitting tribute to the government in looking toward the welfare of the soldiers in the future who are to be transported to the front. The *Thomas* was built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Belfast, and was purchased at the outbreak of the war and used as a trooper between Cuba and Savannah, and later in the Porto Rico campaign. Since July she has been at the Cramps', where she has been overhauled and thoroughly changed. She is 465 feet long and sixty-five in width; her average speed is fourteen knots. She has two triple-expansion engines; her bunkers hold 1,800 tons of coal, enough to steam for twenty-eight days. She has accommodations for 1,800 persons all told, carries a crew of officers and men of 165, is armed with four six-inch rapid-firing guns, and has two 25,000 candle-power search-lights.

The soldiers' quarters have sleeping accommodations for 1,650. The cots are of iron with canvas bottoms, and are arranged in tiers of three; cool fresh air is forced into these quarters continually, and there are plenty of baths. The officers' dining-saloon accommodates about eighty, though 114 can be seated. An ice-making plant producing several tons of ice in moulds four feet long and twelve inches thick is one of the novel features of the boat. The cold-storage room is capable of holding 220 tons of fresh meat. Mineral waters are made on board for the use of the sick, while there is a complete plant for the distillation of fresh water from sea-water. There is a fine hospital having seventy-five beds in the aft of the boat equipped with all the latest medical appliances, etc. Eighteen trained nurses sailed for duty at Manila and elsewhere.

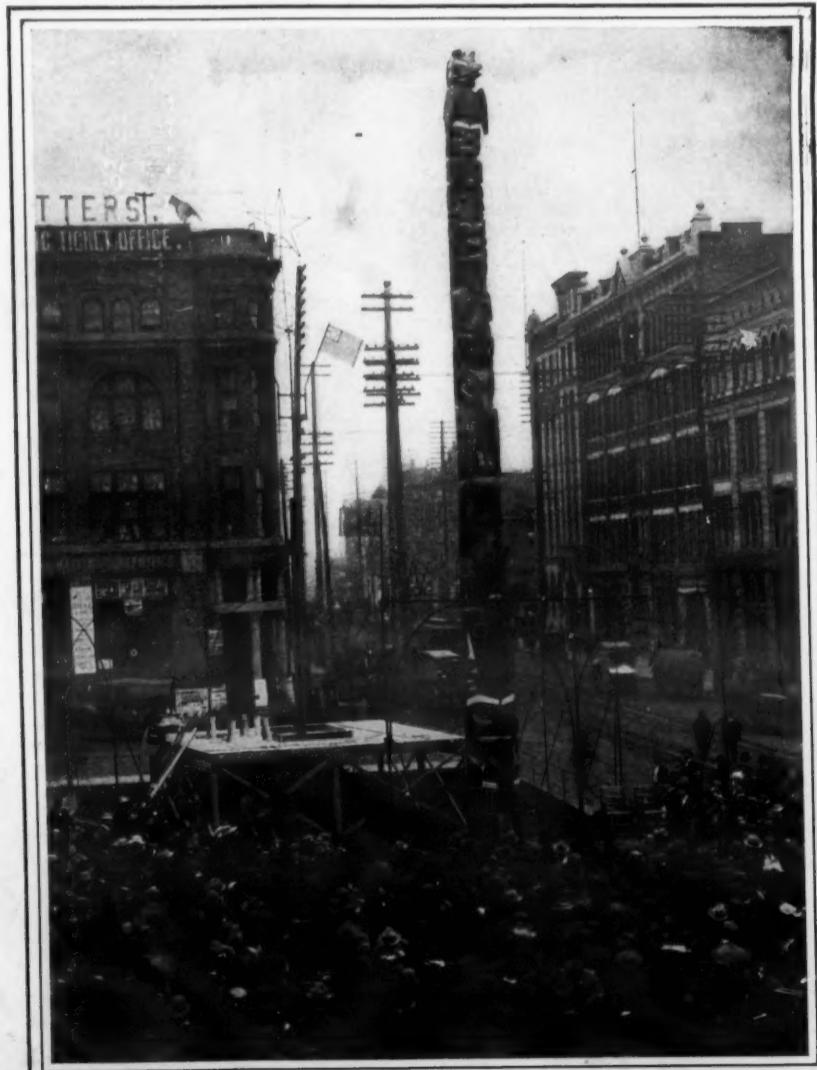
The estimated cost of the *Thomas* up to date is \$1,000,000. Secretary of War Root and a number of foreign naval attachés officially inspected the transport, and the secretary pronounced it as the finest that he had ever seen. Miss Helen M. Gould and Mrs. Russell Sage also visited the transport the day before she sailed. Miss Gould contributed several barrels of nuts and delicacies for the soldier-boys' Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Captain Schiller, who was in command of the *Niagara* and *Stranger*, attached to Admiral Sampson's squadron during the war, will take the *Thomas* to the Philippines. The first stop will be made at Gibraltar, where the Forty-seventh will parade and will be reviewed by the Governor and the English military commander; other stops will be made at Malta, Port Said, Colombo, Singapore, and Nagasaki. Manila will be reached about Christmas-time.

W. L. B.

The Drama in New York.

It is not surprising that the music-loving public of New York gave a hearty welcome to Miss Alice Nielsen on her recent appearance at the Casino. Prima-donnas, like everybody else, after a time lose their most attractive personality, and when a new singer appears, especially one of prepossessing appearance and having a fresh, well-trained voice, she finds the public more than ready to welcome her. Miss Nielsen has made a decidedly favorable impression in "The Singing Girl," and hereafter will take her place with the rest of the stars in light opera, and there are not too many of them.

Those who remember Miss Nielsen as a modest performer in minor parts, and who appreciated her even then, will be glad to know of her well-deserved advancement. It is proof that merit counts for something on the stage, as everywhere else. If it were not for the occasional new singers who come to the front under the fostering care of wide-awake managers, like



UNVEILING A TOTEM POLE FROM ALASKA, AT SEATTLE, OCTOBER 18TH.—THE POLE IS 54 FEET HIGH AND 100 YEARS OLD, AND WAS CARVED BY THE INDIANS, WHO BELIEVE IN AN AFFINITY BETWEEN MAN AND ANIMALS.



THE "THOMAS," THE FINEST AND LARGEST TRANSPORT IN THE WORLD.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Mr. Lederer, we might well fear for the future of the operatic stage. Its recognition of new-comers is a just evidence of its right to survive.

"Maude Adams in miniature" is the apt description that has been applied to Miss Mabel Taliaferro, the clever child-actress, who completely realizes the rôle of *Esther* in Israel Zangwill's play, "The Children of the Ghetto," at the Herald Square Theatre. While little Miss Taliaferro is of remote Italian ancestry, she is thoroughly American both as to birth and breeding. She is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Taliaferro, of New York, who has trained many children for the stage, but none better than her own daughter. James A. Herne, who staged "The Children of the Ghetto," says Mabel is the greatest child-actress in the world. Mabel made her début a few days after she had passed her third birthday as the child in "Blue Jeans." She wore a red-flannel nightgown, and said: "Mamma, do you think that Santa Claus will come to-night?" Nine years later she plays one of the most interesting parts in the Zangwill play, and never fails to win rounds of applause in the scenes where she figures prominently. Her stage experience has been remarkable, considering her youth. At the age of four she created the rôle of the blind child in "A Ride for Life." Then she played a boy's part with Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal in "For Fair Virginia." She played children's parts with the Lyceum stock company, and for a whole season she broadened her experience in this line with the Girard Avenue Stock Company in Philadelphia. She has also supported Chauncey Olcott, Andrew Mack, and other children-loving stars, but Miss Mabel's ambition is higher than to be made the target of "lullabies" and infantile ballads all her life. In brief, she wants to play *Juliet* when she is the exact age of Shakespeare's heroine, and moreover she has a wealthy backer in the person of the millionaire senior member of a sewing-machine firm, who promises to introduce her as a star. Mabel Taliaferro is one child-actress who has always been able to get a license to play in New York City in spite of the Gerry society.

MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO.

Miss Grace Golden, after a year of study in Paris, has returned to America and to the Castle Square Opera Company, of which she long held the position of an established favorite. Her reappearance was made October 9th, as *Juliet* in "Romeo and Juliet," receiving a welcome that would not have been despised by Meilba, Calvé, or any other of the great operatic divinities. Miss Golden's first appearance with the Castle Square Opera Company in New York was made on December 25th, 1897, on which date the enterprise which has since been unprecedentedly successful was inaugurated at the American Theatre. Miss Golden has



MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO.

had the best possible training for her profession; her father and mother played, in their time, with the best actors of the day. Miss Golden appeared upon the stage when a mere child. She was a diligent student of the piano, studying afterward the art of singing with Madame Maretz and Madame Fursch-Madi. She learned, under their direction, some twelve or fourteen operas. Her first experience was gained in light opera, and she came into prominence at the Casino as Miss Lillian Russell's understudy. Her desire for more serious work led her to accept an engagement as one of the prima-donnas of the Castle Square Opera Companies. She appeared with them in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, as well as in New York.

The reappearance of Anna Held at the Manhattan, New York, in the new comedy from the French, "Papa's Wife," rewritten by Harry D. Smith, was awaited with great interest by her many friends. The cast of the play is unusually excellent and includes Henry Woodruff, Dan Collyer, Charles A. Bigelow, Eva Davenport, and Olive Wallace. The music, which is bright and sparkling, is by Reginald De Koven.

One of the best things in tone, temper and character that has been put on the New York stage thus far this winter, is "The Tyranny of Tears," presented by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre. It has a charming little cast headed by John Drew, and including beside that sterling actor, Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood, Frank Lamb, Ida Conquest, and Isabel Irving. It was staged by Joseph Humphreys, and is as perfect a piece of work as has been seen in New York in many years. The plot is

exceedingly simple. A fond young wife, prone to shed tears at the slightest provocation, which tears always promptly melt her doting husband's heart, becomes needlessly jealous of the latter's good-looking stenographer. Out of this jealousy, situations more or less ludicrous constantly arise, until the happy *denouement* which, fortunately, comes as the climax of all comedies. John Drew has his mannerisms, his peculiar gestures, his rapid—sometimes too rapid—enunciation, his dropping of the eyes and lifting of the hands, but he charms, nevertheless, as much by his mannerisms as anything else, for he is a conscientious actor, faithful to every line of his part. Miss Conquest as the innocent stenographer, the cause of all the trouble, and Miss Isabel Irving as the tyrannical young wife, are both admirably adapted to their parts. In fact, the cast is perfect in every detail. It is refreshing to turn from the mass of trifling and more or less immoral stuff with which the stage is loaded, to find such a clean, wholesome, and altogether delightful performance as Mr. Drew gives at the Empire.

JASON.

The Money-maker's Column.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THERE are indications that the prosperity of the country is now at high-water mark. I mean by this that prices of the leading commodities have reached pretty nearly their highest figures. There may be fluctuations that will carry them higher, but the commodities, and especially metals, on which prosperous conditions so largely depend, have seen, in my judgment, their highest prices for the present. Statistics show that prices always decline much more rapidly than they advance, and this unvarying law of trade carries with it its own vital suggestion. The iron market, which is generally accepted as the barometer of trade, is very strong, but many iron and steel manufacturers have so nearly caught up with their orders that they are already preparing to shade prices. All the old blast-furnaces that could be brought into use are either running or being prepared to run, and nineteen modern furnaces, with an aggregate capacity of not less than two and a half million tons of iron per annum, have been or are being erected at this time. In all lines of trade orders are more easily filled as each week rolls by.

The sudden and sensational deficit in the clearing-house surplus reserve carries with it an impressive lesson, for this is the first deficit of the kind that we have had since the panic year of 1893. I do not regard the situation now, however, as approximating, in its possibilities of danger, that of 1893. It is rather like that of 1880, when there was also a deficit in the bank reserves. For in 1880, as in 1899, prosperous conditions prevailed. Money ruled high then, as it does now, but this did not prevent a holiday rise in the market much like that which many bulls still confidently predict as the happy climax of the current year. Such an outcome is not improbable unless money tightens.

I have said, and I repeat, that no great bull movement ever ends until there has been a substantial rise in all the low-priced securities, especially the railways. In many of these there has been practically no advance during the recent bull movement, as for instance, in the Wabash stocks, Erie, formerly one of the great speculative favorites, N. Y. Chicago and St. Louis common, North American, Reading common, Colorado Southern, and like stocks. There is no doubt that a good many persons who have sold out are anxious to come into the market again, especially if money gets easier. But a good many others are anxious to get out and keep out, and the erratic performances of such stocks as Leather, Malt, American Milling and Glucose show how dangerous operating on margins is at this particular time. For those who get in on such rapid drops there is always a fine profit, but there must also be a corresponding loss for those who are compelled to get out. One thing seems certain at this writing, and that is that unless a bull movement starts in quickly, we shall have none until after the Presidential election. There are signs of such a movement, but no signs of a sagacious or bold and resourceful operator to lead it. He may appear, however, before Thanksgiving Day.

"C.," Canton, O.: I have answered the same inquiries repeatedly. Have nothing to do with any of the parties under any circumstances.

"Mc.," Meadville, Penn.: The water company is a local institution. Communicate with some banker or business man in Omaha. (2) The recent decision adverse to the Glucose company is not as far-reaching as was at first anticipated. From all reports the company is doing exceedingly well.

"T.," Warren, Penn.: The parties whose papers you inclose have no rating with the commercial agencies. You may get a little profit or a big profit now and then, but in the end you will probably have the same experience as all the customers of these so-called investment concerns have, i.e., you will lose your money.

"M.," Boston: I have already indicated the fact that the parties mentioned have no rating in any commercial agency, and that a recent exposure of their unbusinesslike methods was made in a New York newspaper. There will be but one end to any concern that offers such enormous profits, and that end will be disastrous to its patrons.

"E.," Chicago, Ill.: If existing conditions continue you ought to get out safely, unless the money market proves a still more terrible some factor. (2) Its friends advise its purchase, but no reports of its earnings are made, and as it is a cliqued stock, it is dangerous. (3) The most skillful operators in a fluctuating market are those who are on both sides.

"R.," Farina, Ill.: Wabash preferred sells so low because there are many bonds ahead of it. The B debentures which come next to it are selling at this writing at less than 40. I would rather buy these than the preferred stock, though there are favorable indications regarding Wabash, Missouri Pacific, and other Gould stocks. (2) I cannot tell you at this time. (3) I doubt it.

"S.," New York: The friends of Federal Steel common are advising its purchase up to 60, and are promising a pleasant surprise in the shape of a fat dividend on the opening of the new year. It is said that some of the other industrials are arranging a similar surprise on which to base an upward movement. Without access to the statements of the company, I cannot pass judgment on its future prospects.

"O. L.," Central Kingsclear, N. B.: No person with only \$100 should think of speculating in the stock market. (2) I would have nothing to do with the parties or any other that offer inordinate profits. (3) It looks as if the dividend on Pacific Mail were doubtful. If a sharp decline follows, the stock would offer a field for speculation, based on the prospect of a rise following the expected passage of a subsidy bill at the approaching session of Congress.

"S.," Baltimore: Delaware and Hudson should go considerably higher if the anthracite combination holds, which it will be fair to do.

(2) I would "even up" the cost of the New Amsterdam Gas common at the first favorable opportunity, by purchasing on any sharp decline.

Then hold for a profit. (3) Metropolitan is high, considering what it pays.

Its further value depends somewhat on the earning power of its new conduits, and legislation may interfere in this matter. (4) I think well of Wisconsin Central preferred, but would advise you to accept a good profit when it comes your way. (5) Consolidated Gas is strongly held as an investment security. A settlement of the gas war in this city would advance its price materially. A continuation of the war would be disastrous to it and its competitors.

JASPER.

For Life-insurers.

A READER of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, residing at Brookfield, Mass., writes that he is much troubled over the kind of policy of insurance he ought to take. A number of agents have solicited his favor, and, among them all, he confesses that he is quite in the dark not only as to which company to take, but as to which plan of insurance to accept. Some advocate tontine or accumulation policies, and others prefer the annual-dividend plan. It is difficult to advise one regarding such a matter, for everything depends upon what the insured desires to accomplish. If he seeks investment as well as insurance the accumulation plan would be preferable. If he is only in search of life insurance for the benefit of his survivors, a straight-life policy would be preferable. If a man has a surplus income and is not of a saving disposition he can find a very desirable means of investing his surplus by taking some form of accumulation policy, which, at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, will return him a fixed sum in cash, as well as a certain proportion of dividends or profits. If a man is thrifty and saving, has opportunities to invest his surplus funds, and only desires a policy for the benefit of his wife or family, he would be wiser to take a straight life, which is the cheaper policy.

"A Reader," Trenton, N. J.: No.

"W.," Mahomet, Ill.: The Travelers Life, of Hartford, Conn., J. G. Batterson, president, offers as good an accident policy as you can get.

"J.," El Paso, Texas: I would much prefer insurance with one of the old-established companies. It is ridiculous to argue that a new company is to be preferred. The old companies have the experience, capital, surplus, and the business. The new companies have only a severe struggle before them.

"M.," Pittsburgh, Penn.: The Union Mutual Life, of Portland, Me., last year reported total receipts of \$1,065,000, of which it paid to its policy-holders \$829,000, and for miscellaneous expenses, \$572,000. It is not one of the largest companies, but makes an excellent report. I advise you to consult an agent of one of the three great New York companies regarding the matter concerning which you write.

"R.," Vacaville, Cal.: If you are in good health and insurable, in a sound company, I think it would be wiser to discontinue your assessment policy and take out a new one in one of the strong, old-line companies, like the New York Life, the Mutual Life, the Equitable, the Provident Savings Life, of New York, or any other of the old, well-organized, responsible concerns.

The Hermit.

For Sick Headache.

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. H. J. WELLS, Nashville, Tenn., says: "It acts like a charm in all cases of sick headache and nervous debility."

Dr. Dys' Bandlets.

DR. DYS' products for the care of the face truly deserve their success: they give to all complexions an incomparable freshness; his Bandlets remove incipient wrinkles in a few minutes, and invertebrate ones in a few days. V. Darsy, sole preparer of Dr. Dys' products, 54 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, has opened a branch of his house in New York at No. 129 East Twenty-sixth Street.

Mother's Milk

is best for any baby, but after that comes Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for young infants. Thousands of letters are received telling of its successful use. Book, "Babies," sent free. Borden's Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Crème Simon.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

A Scientific Report on Coffee

SHOWS IT CAN BE USED BY SOME, AND IS A POISON TO OTHERS.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Newberry Library, Chicago, has gone very carefully through the medical department, consulting and compiling from the best works of this country and abroad, on the value of coffee.

There is abundance of evidence to show that in some cases coffee, used as a stimulant, is of advantage, while with many human systems it is a decided poison which will build up chronic conditions of disease if made use of steadily.

The investigator writes: "We have used for years your Postum Food Coffee, and found nothing to fill its place." Among his quotations appears the following:

"One of the highest authorities in *Materia Medica* and *Therapeutics* in England, says: 'Caffeine, which is the stimulating part of coffee, is, in general terms, a stimulant first, and subsequently a paralyzant to the nerve centres in the cerebellum, medulla and spinal cord.'

"In small doses it quickens the activity of the heart and raises arterial tension. Larger doses often over-stimulate the cerebral circulation, causing great heaviness of the head, flashes of light before the eyes, insomnia, restlessness, and even delirium. Administered in sufficient quantity, it would doubtless prove fatal to man."

"To thousands of people, coffee, of which caffeine is its chemical structure, is therefore a poison. Languor, restlessness, and prostration follow as a result in the system when the habit of its continuance is acquired. This is followed by muscular tremor and sometimes dizziness, with nervous dyspepsia and insomnia; in fact, a train of depressing ailments frequently not traceable to the beverage which never inebriates, but is in reality the source."

The gentleman concludes his long and very interesting paper on the subject with the statement: "Companies similar to that of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, are to be multiplied and stand as benefactors of the race. Whatever our personal preferences, let us not class these changes in dietary to peculiar views and theories, but rather as generally recognized and accepted truths, a valuable acquisition of progress and investigation, scientific and philanthropic."

The rapid pace lived by American brain-workers has forced them to seek food and drink that quickly and surely rebuild the exhausted energies, and such people as a rule feel the disastrous effects of a continued use of coffee. It is to furnish this class of people with correct food and drink, selected and manufactured in the most scientific manner, that Postum Cereal Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts have been placed on the market. All first-class grocers furnish these.



ANNA HELD IN "PAPA'S WIFE."

Anna Held at the Manhattan, New York, in the new comedy from the French, "Papa's Wife," rewritten by Harry D. Smith, was awaited with great interest by her many friends. The cast of the play is unusually excellent and includes Henry Woodruff, Dan Collyer, Charles A. Bigelow, Eva Davenport, and Olive Wallace. The music, which is bright and sparkling, is by Reginald De Koven.

The Admiral's Bride.

A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF THE WEALTHY YOUNG WIDOW WHO HAS CAPTURED THE AMERICAN HERO.

ADMIRAL DEWEY has in no instance given better evidence of that good taste for which he is so justly noted than in his selection of a bride. To personal beauty, charm of manner, and intellectual attainments of a high order Mrs. Dewey unites all the qualities which cause a woman to shine in society, yet possesses those more homely attributes that should characterize the home-maker, and it is not to be doubted in winning her for his wife the admiral of the navy has provided for the happiness and comfort of his declining years.

In appearance the admiral's bride is most attractive, and neither written accounts nor photographs can quite convey the idea of her beauty, which is much a matter of expression, and in which there is a certain piquancy and archness called by the French *beauté de diable*. Of medium height, Mrs. Dewey is comely of figure and graceful of carriage; her dark hair, worn in the prevailing style, is threaded with white; her complexion



MRS. DEWEY, FORMERLY MRS. HAZEN.
Copyright, 1890, by B. M. Clineinst.

is fair, her features regular, but her eyes—the traditional Irish eyes, dark blue, shaded with black lashes and full of expression, dancing with merriment or shining with sympathy—are her greatest beauty.

Before the death of her son Mrs. Dewey was one of the capital's most notable hostesses, the leader of her set, an enthusiastic participant in all festivities, but no less noted for her kindness of heart and her charities than for her social conquests. No tale of distress ever fails to elicit aid from her, and she is a tower of strength to her friends in time of trouble. It is said of this gracious woman that she never accepts a favor, no matter how small, without repaying it, but her debts are canceled with a grace that makes payment always acceptable. Not long ago a young woman employed in a certain office received an exquisite bit of needlework from Mrs. Dewey, who was almost a stranger to her. "You were so kind to give me the address of this seamstress," explained the donor, "I am anxious you should have a sample of her beautiful handiwork."

Mrs. Dewey is a *dilettante*, her conversation is sparkling and brilliant, and she is widely noted for her tact. Not long ago a caller at her house, a man of great body as well as reputation, sat ponderously down upon one of those airy, gilt affairs built for appearance rather than use and placed in drawing-rooms for the confusion of awkward men; this breaking under the strain of his avarice, the distinguished visitor was thrown to the floor. Red in the face and much embarrassed, the unhappy victim essayed to apologize for his misfortune in wrecking the really valuable chair.

"My dear sir," his hostess smiled, reassuringly, "I am the only culprit. That chair was quite to pieces and should have been sent to the shop long ago. I am truly grieved at the results of my carelessness."

Some years ago, finding the doctrines of Calvin, in which she had been bred, repellent to her sunny temperament, Mrs. Dewey became a convert to Romanism, and since then has been a member of Father Mackin's parish. Received into the church by Archbishop Keane, there has long existed between her and this high dignitary a warm friendship, and the reverend doctor was one of the very first to congratulate her.

Mrs. Dewey numbers among her following some of the most noted men of the day, statesmen, military officers, scientists, men of letters, who find in her that sympathy and responsiveness, that delicate sense of humor so attractive to serious men. In her own family, with its great wealth and various interests, she is a potent influence, and her brother, John R. McLean, the wealthy proprietor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, whom she resembles in many ways, often profits by her counsel. She is credited, too, with being very ambitious—what clever and resourceful person is not ambitious?—and gossip has it that his recent marriage may change the admiral's views regarding the Presidency, for to reign for a while as first lady of the land, a position for which she is admirably equipped, would fall in well with the taste of the charming woman who has just wedded the ranking officer of the navy.

C. M. C.

Dewey's Surrender.

THE VICTOR OF MANILA BAY
And far Corregidor,
Who in the distant Philippines
Old Glory's splendor bore,
Before the thunder of whose guns
The haughty Spaniards ran—
The hero of the first of May
Is now a conquered man.

THE VETERAN OF THE RAGING SEAS,
The admiral of the fleet,
The eagle of the quarter-deck,
A stranger to defeat,
Who never dipped his colors yet,
Who never spiked a gun,
And never learned to sheath his sword,
Surrenders now—to one.
He sailed his good gray battle-ships
Straight through the foeman's lines,
Beneath the batteries of the fort,
Above the hidden mines.
He sunk the ships of Montojo
And took Manila town,
But now an arrow sent by Love
Has brought the hero down.

MINNA IRVING.

Why the "Shamrock" Lost.

A YACHTING EXPERT'S CLEVER EXPLANATION OF THE TROUBLE WITH SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S FAMOUS CHALLENGER.

SINCE the termination of the America's Cup races one question has held precedence among yachtsmen—"Why did the *Shamrock* lose?"—what was there too much or too little about her that caused her defeat? This is really the riddle of the hour, for the opinions of some of the best yachtsmen in America have been disarranged by the final decisive victory of the defending yacht *Columbia*. Even Hank Haff, who steered the victors in the last three cup-defenses, stated in print that if the *Shamrock* got breeze sufficient to carry her over the course in the time-limit he thought she would win "hands down." That opinion was largely shared in the New York Yacht Club after the *Shamrock* had finished ahead in three uncompleted races, and members were speaking of arranging their holidays next summer so as to take in the challenge races in England, when the captured cup was again raced for.

I have therefore taken a good deal of trouble to try and find out exactly what was the matter with the *Shamrock*, and have consulted her chief captain and helmsman, Archie Hogarth, and also with experts who sailed on the rival boats. Those who were thus sought for the purposes of inquiry indicated different reasons. In all, the reasons assigned were four: First, that the *Shamrock* made more leeway than the *Columbia*; secondly, that she carried too much head-sail, which had the effect of pulling her bow off and not letting her lie as close as the *Columbia*; thirdly, that the *Shamrock* had, comparatively, too much beam; and fourthly, that the challenger was so modeled that the best sail-carrying power in her shape was aft of the centre of the boat, and that this drag toward her quarters pulled her bow off.

Captain Hogarth rather surprised me by saying that the *Shamrock* lost through making more leeway than the *Columbia*, but admitted on being questioned that the lateral area of the *Shamrock*'s fin was much greater than the *Columbia*'s. He then retreated from this contention and referred to a defect in the designing, about which he would not speak for publication.

W. D. Scott, chief officer of the *Columbia*, said he thought the *Shamrock*'s fault was in having too much beam. He said:

"The *Shamrock* is very wide, and when you get a boat of that kind over on her side the beam is making a big hole in the water as she goes along. The *Columbia* is narrower and finer-drawn all around, and when she lies over she does not disturb so much water." (See Figs. 1 and 2.)

One of the officers in the pay of Sir Thomas Lipton, who did not wish his name to be given, said: "I think that the reason the *Shamrock* would not sail as close to the wind as the *Columbia* is that her working-jib is too big, and that her bowsprit is

much too long. (See Figs. 3 and 4.) I think that this was continually pulling her bow off a little. Not very much, I admit, but sufficient to cause the difference between the boats. It is true

that the *Shamrock* carries a light weather helm when she is going through the water, but this, I think, is chiefly the steering of the lee bow rather than the proper balance of the canvas. The jib is not only too big, but it is also set at the end of a bowsprit that extends about thirty-four feet beyond the boat itself. That seems to me absurd, and I cannot doubt that this hurt the *Shamrock* in her windward work. Before she is refitted for racing again she should have a small jib set at one-third the present distance from the stem-head, and her forestay should come down like the *Columbia*'s, and be set up on the deck aft of the heel of the bowsprit. (See Figs. 3 and 4.) Two smaller headsails would thus be provided, and

the loss of forward sail-area would be a general gain. These are only steering-sails, and of little value in any other way. No crack yacht ever did first-class windward work with too large headsails, and the reason Hogarth could not point up with the *Columbia* was because his sails would not let him. The feel of the tiller could then tell him that the boat was not doing right, and he had to pay her off till he got the lee bow helping at the steering. Then, and not till then, the boat traveled, but on the broad road that

leatheth to perdition. I believe that this accounts for the whole difference between the boats in their windward work. As far as the economy of weights and adjustment of them is concerned, and in the structural requirements of a racing-machine, the *Shamrock* is the better boat, but the sail-plan killed her."

Another solution given was that the best bearings of the *Shamrock* were too far aft. That is to say, that the part of her hull which she relied on for her chief sail-carrying power was aft of the centre of the vessel, and that this provided a drag in the region of her quarters which had the effect of pulling her bow off, or, as it were, steering her slightly to leeward. (See Fig. 5.) If this be correct, the *Shamrock* is not the first cup-challenger that suffered in this way. The *Countess of Dufferin*, a schooner from Canada that sailed for the big trophy, had her greatest beam aft of the main rigging, and when she lay over she lay down on her bow, for she was all bow to her stern. The *Shamrock* always seems to go down slightly by the head when under pressure, and there may be a defect here in the modeling which can never be remedied. In the meantime, and until careful tests are made of the vessel's speed after alterations have been tried in the sail plan, it is possible for no one to speak with certainty as to the chief cause of her failure, but it may also be said that the alterations and subsequent tests may find the *Shamrock* a better boat than Sir Thomas Lipton or any one else now thinks. She has been a wildly expensive racing-machine that was fired into the greatest of all races without being tested. Her designer had it proved to him before she entered the races that she did not properly lie up in windward work,

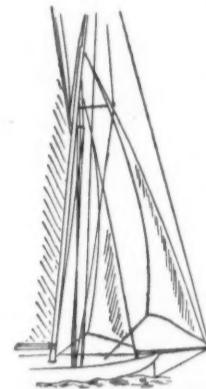


FIG. 3.—THE "SHAMROCK'S" HEADSAILS AND BOWSPRIT, SHOWING EXCESS OF FORWARD SAIL.

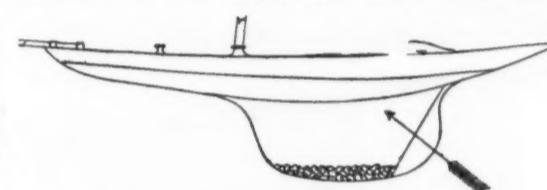


FIG. 4.—THE "COLUMBIA'S" HEADSAILS AND BOWSPRIT, SHOWING THE FORESTAY BEHIND THE BOWSPRIT AND ITS SMALL AREA.

but he made no attempt to rectify this, and it is safe to say that if the boat had been Herreshoff's she would not have been allowed to go into a race until a reduced headsail, differently set, had been tried.

STINSON JARVIS.

H. L. Kramer, a Successful Advertiser.

THIS is the day of the advertiser, and his work has attained the dignity almost of a profession, while his emoluments rival

those of all other callings. Among the advertisers of the present day who have made a marked success by dealing through the columns of the press, Mr. H. L. Kramer, of Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind., is a shining example. He was born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1862, and is therefore still a young man. After leaving his native town he went to Lafayette, where he started upon an almost phenomenal career of success. After a few years of travel through the mining-camps of the West, Mr. Kramer con-

ceived the idea of establishing a health-resort at Indiana Mineral Springs, and in connection therewith he developed the business of the Sterling Remedy Company, whose two specialties, "Cascarets" and "No-to-bac," are sold in every mercantile mart in the world. Mr. Kramer is a great believer in the use of illustrated weeklies of the high class of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* for his advertising, and his success proves that his ideas in this direction are predicated on a ripened business judgment. Mr. Kramer was recently appointed on the staff of the Governor of Indiana, a recognition of his personal worth which greatly pleased his friends.



H. L. KRAMER, A SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISER.



FIG. 1.—CENTRE SECTION OF THE "SHAMROCK" WHILE HEELED OVER, SHOWING HOW ITS GREAT WIDTH CAUSES MORE RESISTANCE IN THE WATER.



FIG. 2.—CENTRE SECTION OF "COLUMBIA" WHEN YACHT HEELED OVER, SHOWING ITS NARROWER BEAM.

British and Dutch in South Africa.

THE RELATIVE PROPORTION OF THE TWO RACES—INTERESTING AND SUGGESTIVE FACTS AND FIGURES AND AN INSTRUCTIVE MAP.

In connection with what has been said in the WEEKLY, recently, on the chances of war for the Boers in South Africa, the little map printed herewith will prove interesting. The shading in the map has reference to the two white races only—British and



Areas dotted indicate districts where the British are in the majority, while ruled areas indicate the districts where the Dutch predominate. Mr. F. Edmund Garrett, M.L.A., Cape Colony, in this month's *Contemporary*, gives the following figures:

	Tl. Whites.	Dutch.	Eng.	
Cape Colony, with Bechuanaland	460,000	265,200	194,800	Transvaal.....
Basutoland	650	300	350	Rhodesia.....
Orange Free State	93,700	78,100	15,600	
Natal, with Zululand	52,000	6,500	45,500	820,650 80,000 m123,650

(m—nearly all adult males.)

THE BRITISH AND DUTCH ELEMENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Dutch. In reality, both combined are everywhere greatly outnumbered by the native element (chiefly Kaffirs and Hottentots), but for the purpose of comparison of the British and Dutch populations in South Africa the savage races may be ignored.

A glance at the map shows that the boundary lines between British and Boer territories are very far from being coincident with the limits of the areas occupied respectively by the two antagonistic races. Taking the various political divisions in detail, we see that in Cape Colony the western (i.e., the older settled part) is predominantly Dutch. The British form the majority only in the southeast (from Algoa Bay eastward), the diamond-mining country about Kimberley, the copper-producing part of Little Namaqua Land, and in Cape Town itself. The southeastern pro-British portion of the colony is much more progressive and growing in population than the older western portion, as, whereas the former derives a great deal of trade from the rapidly-developing countries lying to the north, the latter has only deserts on its northern side, and is therefore almost entirely dependent on its own trade.

Taking Cape Colony as a whole, the British and Dutch sections are probably in about the ratio of seven to ten. In Natal about five-sixths of the 50,000 whites are estimated to be British. In the extreme northwest, however, there is a small Boer majority—a survival of the "Great Trek" of 1836. The Orange River Free State and Transvaal republics are, of course, predominantly Boer. The small but relatively densely peopled patch about Johannesburg is the glaring exception, from the existence of which has sprung the whole vexed question.

The as yet sparsely-peopled Rhodesia and Bechuanaland are with equal obviousness British—but their white population is too insignificant to play a very great part in the solution of the difficulty.

The Telegraph in War-time.

NOVEL AND INTERESTING OPERATIONS OF THE TELEGRAPH BATTALION IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

In modern warfare the telegraph has long been recognized as an indispensable adjunct. For the mobilization of troops, the transmission of orders between distant and otherwise inaccessible points, and the direction of armies on the scene of action, its value and importance are beyond estimate. Every war between civilized nations witnesses some new application of the electric system of communication, some extension of its operations.

One of these special lines of development is the installation of telegraph lines for temporary use in the theatre of actual war, where light yet reliable construction and rapid work are essential. Our operations in Cuba last year, and later in the Philippines, have been attended with some extraordinary and successful telegraph service of this special kind. Bodies of men, skilled and experienced in the construction of telegraph lines, have followed the movements of our armies everywhere, over swamps, mountains, rivers, and plains, and kept them in touch with each other and with all necessary points outside.

But in England, perhaps, more than any other country, has military telegraphing been brought to the highest state of perfection. The war in which England is now engaged has already demonstrated the thoroughness and efficiency of the English system. We give several illustrations herewith showing the methods followed in the British service in the installation of field telegraphy.

This work falls to what is known as the telegraph battalion. The men of this battalion wear the same uniform as that worn by the Royal Engineers, namely, scarlet with blue-velvet facings. The battalion consists partly of mounted men, who are armed with cavalry carbines, while the dismounted men have artillery carbines and sword-bayonets. The horses are trained, as our illustrations show, to their special duties as well as the men. Practice in putting up field telegraph for emergency service is one of the regular features of training-days at Aldershot, the

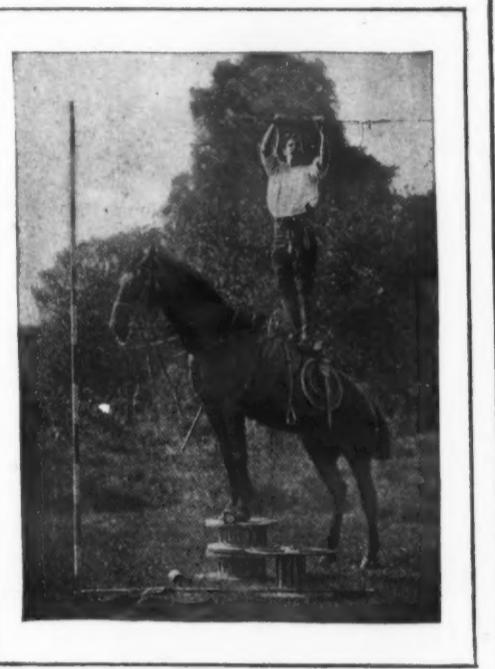
famous English military rendezvous.

As an instance of the excellence of the work performed in the Dongola expedition of 1896. Through that campaign the telegraph battalion managed to have a line laid to each place of encampment by the time the troops had fairly established themselves. The wire, in lengths of a mile, was coiled on revolving wheels and carried on camels. As the camels moved forward the wire was unwound and trailed on the ground. The work of stretching and poling came next, this operation being carried out with wonderful celerity and success. The operators in systems like these are provided with telegraph instruments of special make, which they can set up and connect at any point, as ordered, on the scene of action or wherever else the service may be needed.

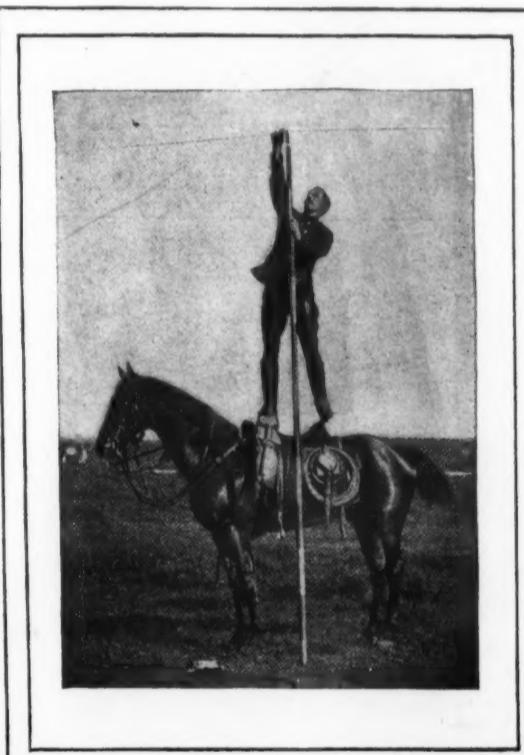
Have We Too Many Ministers?

THERE may be too much, it appears, of a thing so good as ministers of religion. At all events, the complaint is made by a high authority in religious matters that the theological seminaries are turning out preachers in numbers greatly in excess of the demand, that the market is largely overstocked, and that much trial and suffering have ensued because of this fact. In the Congregational Church alone, it is said that there are at least five hundred clergymen anxious to work, but there is nothing for them to do. In several other denominations the same conditions are said to prevail. The result of this state of things is that large numbers of worthy men with their families are driven to starvation and the whole status of the ministry is lowered. It is suggested, as a remedy, that the theological seminaries shall diminish their product, for a time at least, and especially that they shall not longer pursue their present

policy of supplying impecunious students with free tuition, board and lodging for the sake of filling up their classes. On this latter point there is certainly a strong argument to be made. No good reason appears why candidates for ministerial orders should be recipients of charity any more than students in other professions. The late Dr. John Hall used to tell a story about an Englishman who decided to start his son in life by taking him into the former's banking-house. The young man was put in charge of the books but suddenly struck a snag. He could not make them balance. He worried over the matter several days. Finally his watchful father inquired if he had discovered his mistake. "No," said the young man, "there was only a difference of eighty cents, so I put in the money myself and let it go at that." The father looked at the son askance for a moment and then said: "My boy, I fear you have no correct idea of business. I think I will prepare you for the ministry."



JOINING THE WIRES.



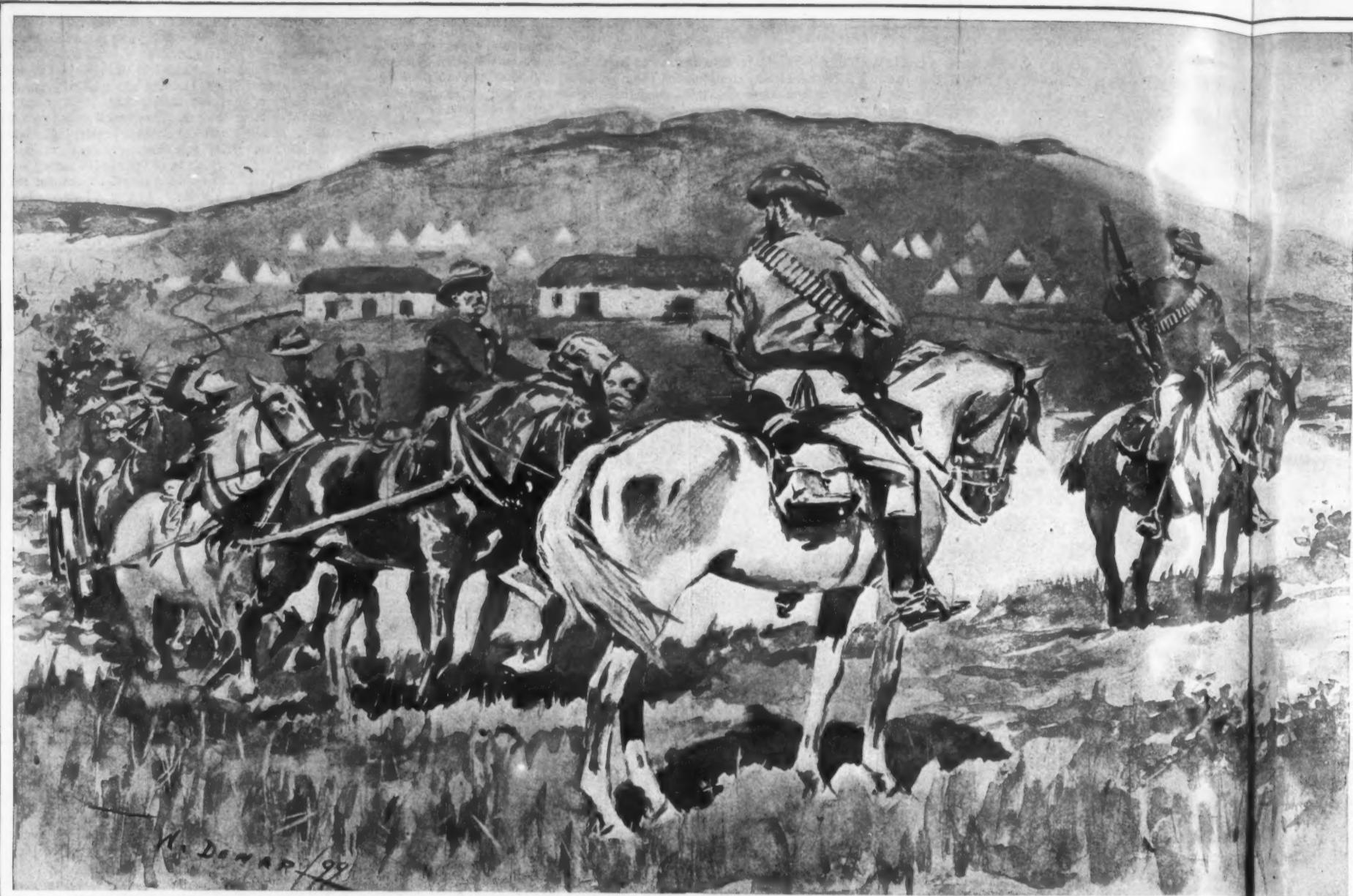
A FEAT FOR A CIRCUS-RIDER—PUTTING UP A WIRE.



ENGLISH VOLUNTEER TELEGRAPHERS WITH THEIR FIELD EQUIPMENT.



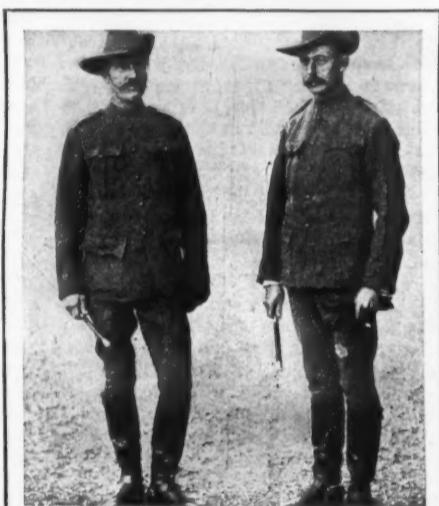
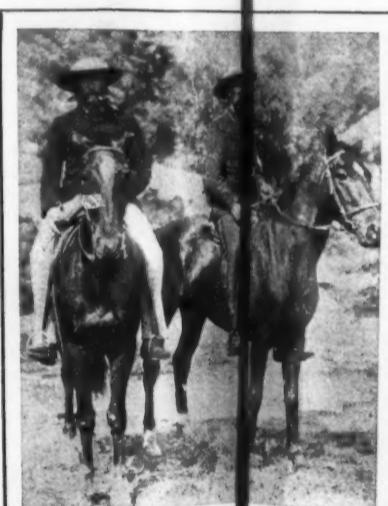
RECEIVING A MESSAGE IN THE FIELD.



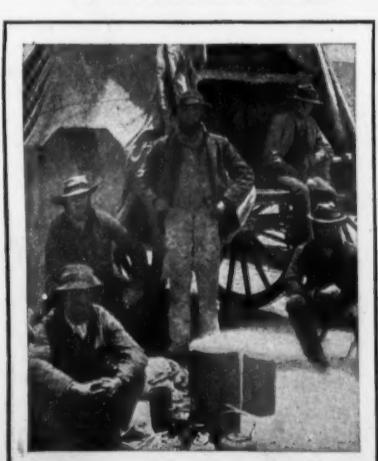
THE HARDY BOERS CROSSING THE MALMANI RIVER NEAR MAPEKING.



NATAL VOLUNTEERS MARCHING THROUGH PIETERMARITZBURG ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.

TYPES OF NATAL CARBINEERS SERVING UNDER
GENERAL GEORGE WHITE AT LADYSMITH.

TYPES OF THE TRANSVAAL MOUNTED POLICE.

HOW THE BOERS ACCOMMODATE THEMSELVES
TO CAMP LIFE IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

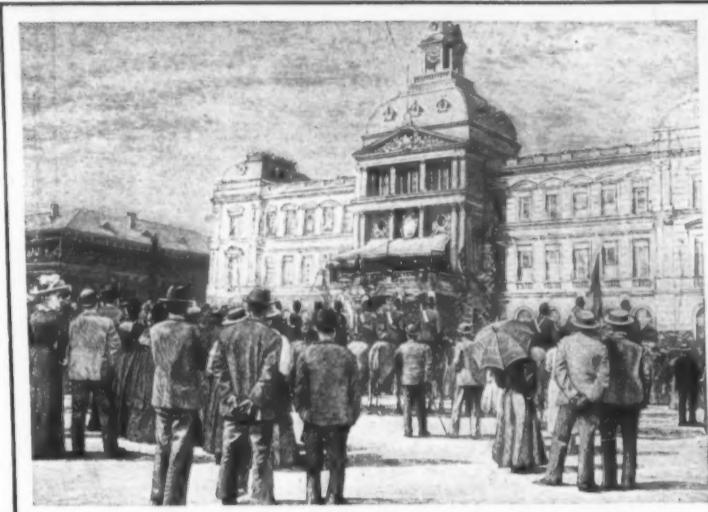
CAMP OF THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS AT MAPEKING THREATENED BY THE BOERS.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

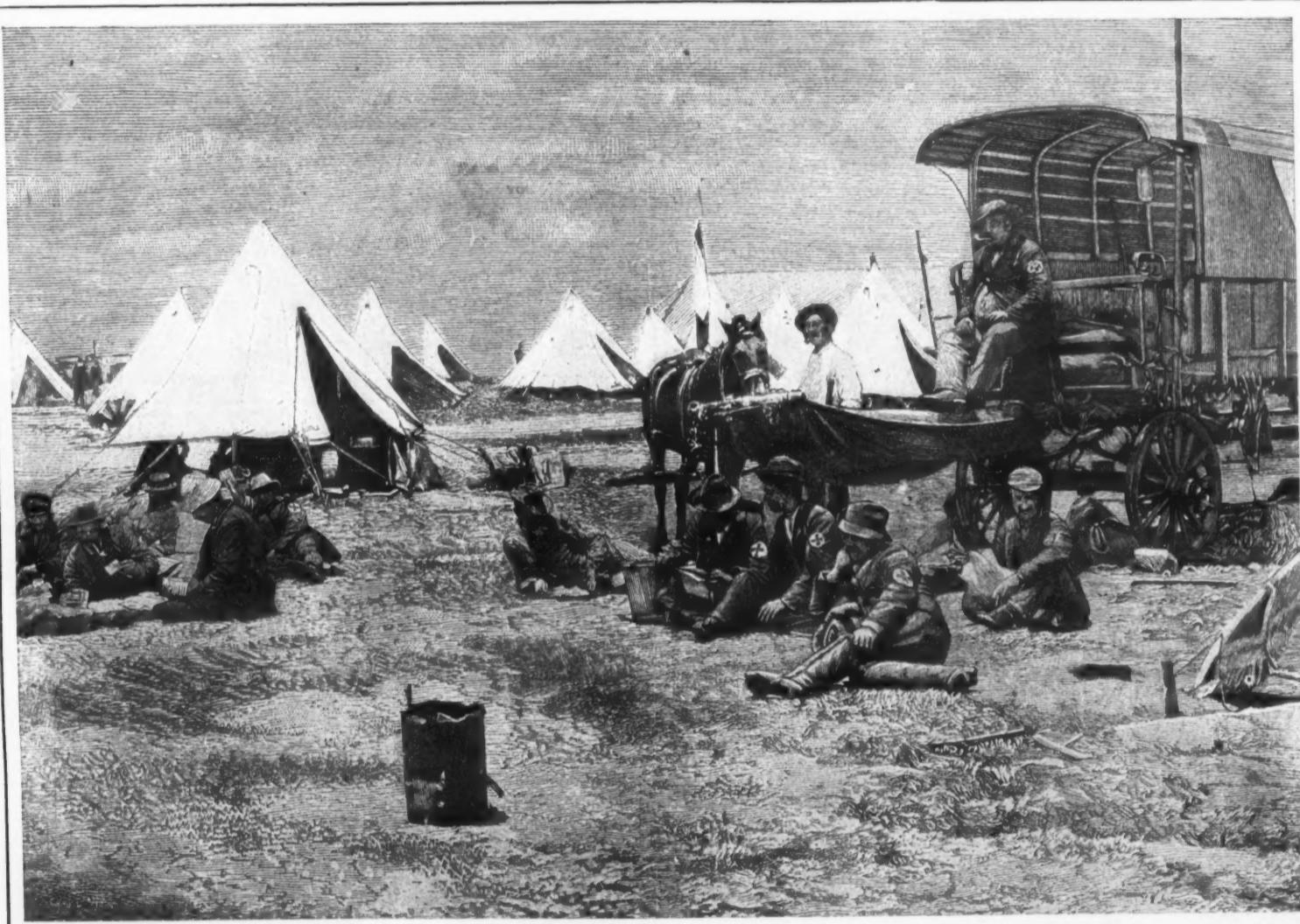
THE STURDY BOERS AND THE AGGRESSIVE ENGLISH IN



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE, WITH HIS ESCORT, MARCHING
THROUGH BLOEMFONTEIN.



PRESIDENT KRUGER ADDRESSING THE BOERS AT PRETORIA.



THE RED-CROSS AMBULANCES FOLLOWING THE BOER LINES IN THE TRANSVAAL.



TRANSPORTING AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT FOR THE BOERS.



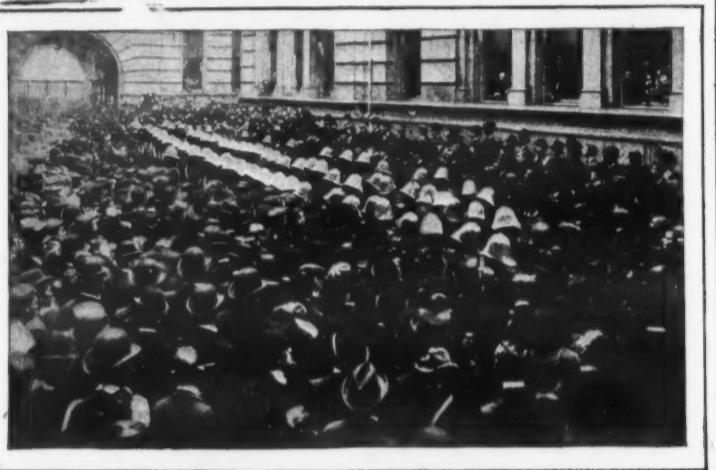
WHERE THE RAILROADS ENTER THE BESIEGED TOWN OF LADYSMITH, THE
ENGLISH MILITARY BASE IN NATAL.



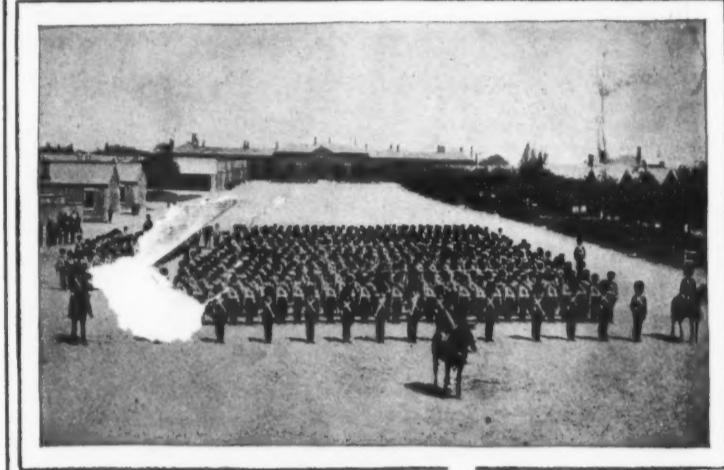
THE SCOTS GUARDS WITH THEIR HORSES, ABOARD THE TRANSPORT "NUBIA,"
ON THE WAY TO THE TRANSVAAL.



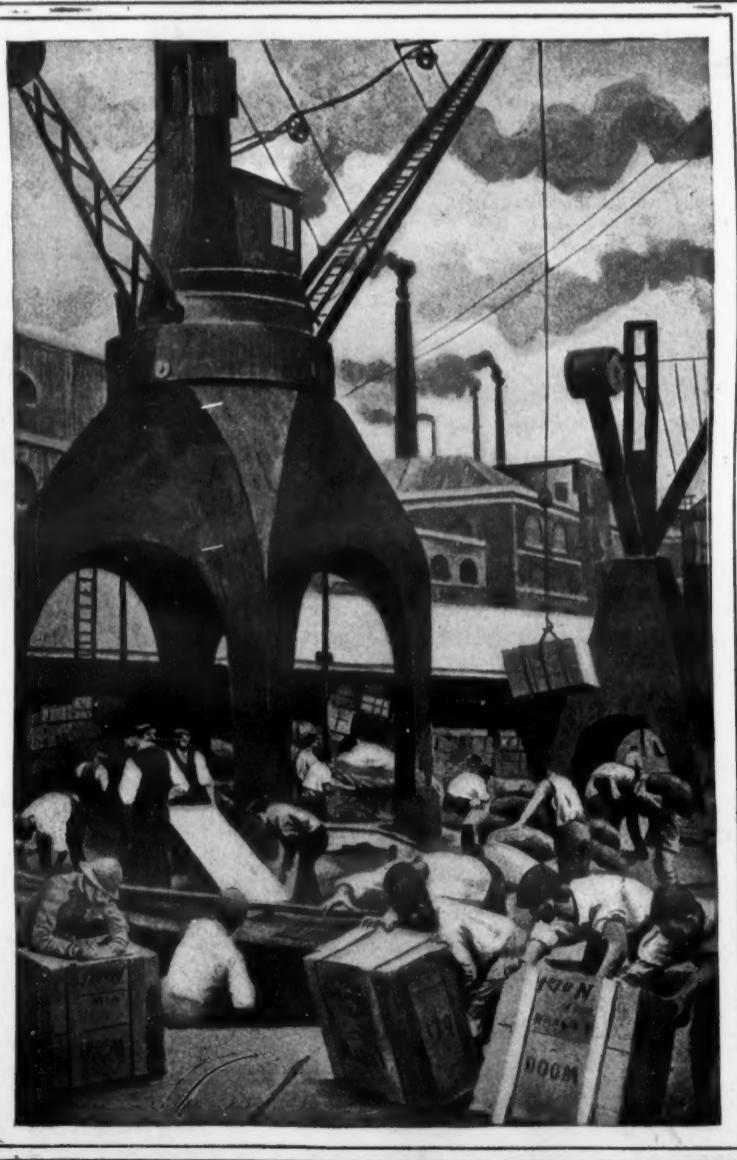
THE SCOTS GUARDS RESERVES CARRYING THEIR HELMETS ABOARD THE
TRANSPORT.



ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD WITNESSING THE INSPECTION OF THE ARMY POST-OFFICE
CORPS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.



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BY THE BOERS.



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TROOPS IN THE TRANSVAAL.



ENGLISH ARMY NURSES EMBARKING FOR THE TRANSVAAL AT LONDON.

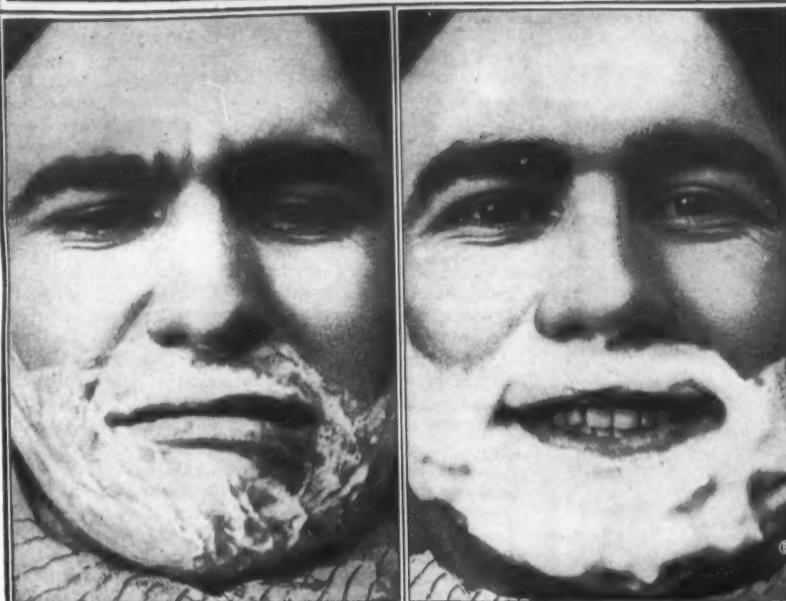


PASSING ARMS ABOARD THE ENGLISH TRANSPORT "ROSSLYN CASTLE,"
AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE ENGLISH IN FIGHTING TRIM.

HURRYING TROOPS, SUPPLIES, AMMUNITION AND NURSES TO THE AID OF THE ARMY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

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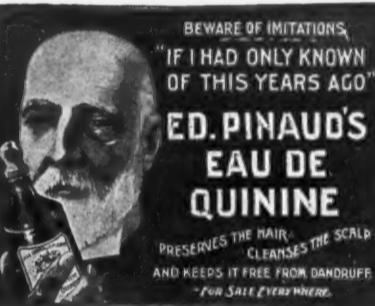
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DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

THE WHISKY OF HIS FOREFATHERS

Two Bicycle Champions.

THE MESSRS. COOPER AND BUTLER, WHO HAVE MADE THE BEST ONE MILE RECORDS THIS SEASON.

BICYCLE honors fall so thick and fast in these days that it is difficult to keep track of all the best records and the various championships, as they come and go. Two of the most prominent and notable winners of professional honors this season are pictured here. One of them is "Tom" Butler, of Boston, who



TOM BUTLER CONTESTING FOR THE ONE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

won the one-mile championship of the League of American Wheelmen at its recent meet in that city, and the other is "Tom" Cooper, who on the same day won the championship for a similar distance in a meet of the National Cycling Association at Manhattan Beach.

Both of these organizations may now claim the fastest bicycle-riders in America, and it remains to be seen which of the two champions—Cooper or Butler—is really at the head. A match is proposed to determine this, on some neutral ground.



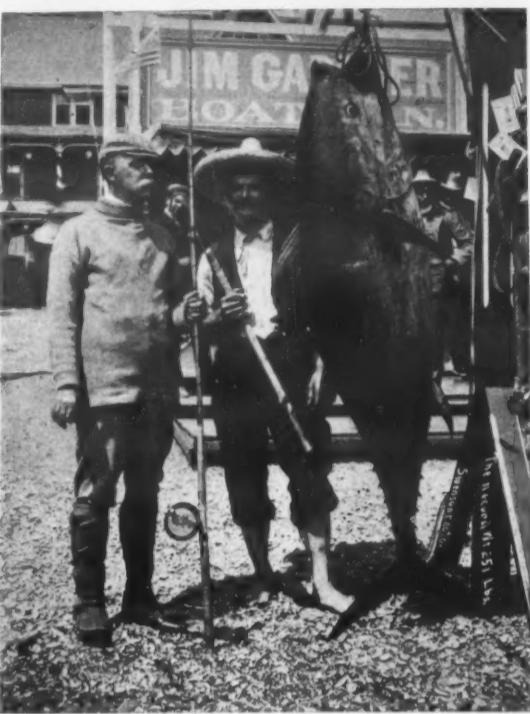
TOM COOPER, THE DETROIT RIDER.

such as the Queen's Park track at Montreal. Cooper is a Detroit lad. He made his mile at Manhattan in two minutes six and four-fifths seconds. Butler's record at Boston for a similar distance was two minutes seventeen and one-fifth seconds. On this showing Butler stands a few seconds ahead. The one-mile championship for America last year was held by Eddie Ball. The question now is, which of these two will succeed him?

The Champion Angler.

THE fact that the wonderful game-fish, the leaping tuna, is confined, so far as taking it with rod and reel is concerned, to a small section of the coast of Santa Catalina Island, Cal., the Bar Harbor of southern California, has given rise to the Tuna Club, one of the most remarkable fishing or angling organizations in the world. The club was founded by Charles Frederic Holder, formerly of New York, now of Pasadena, who was its first president; and while its object is the protection of the game-fishes of California, the main object has been to reduce the remarkable fishing here to a science, insist upon the rod and reel, and to capture the mighty leaping tuna with the lightest tackle. Among the 300 members are some of the most distinguished anglers in the country—ex-President Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Quay, General Wade Hampton, and others. The club has two grades of members—active members who have taken a 100-pound tuna unaided, of which there are but thirty-four, and associate members, who are skilled rod-and-reelsmen. The member who lands the largest tuna of the season becomes the president. Charles F. Holder took a 183 pound fish in 1898, and this was supposed to be the limit. The fish towed his boat ten miles, and was played four hours, but during the Tuna Club tournament of 1899 Colonel C. P. Morhouse, of Pasadena, Cal., took, after a magnificent contest, a tuna that weighed 251 pounds, and at the annual banquet of the club at Avalon, in August, he was unanimously elected president of the club for 1899-1900. Colonel Morhouse is a veteran angler, having fished for tarpon and every game-fish, and he was the first to take a leaping tuna with a rod, and is a patron of sports, a member of the Pasadena Country and Valley Hunt clubs, member of the

Balsa Checa Gun Club, and now president of the Tuna Club. Colonel Morhouse used a twenty-one-strand linen line, fought his fish far into the night, playing him for nearly four hours, the fish towing the boat ten or twelve miles and out to sea, where the boat nearly filled several times in the heavy sea. The fish was gaffed by Jim Gardner, Colonel Morhouse's boatman,



A FAMOUS FISHERMAN AND HIS CATCH.

a famous hand at tunas; and the entry into Avalon Bay caused the greatest excitement among the 6,000 inhabitants and the anglers who had gathered here from all over the world. The Tuna Club gives its second open tournament May 1st to September 1st, 1900, and anglers from all over this country and England will endeavor to wrest the prize from Colonel Morhouse, whose catch not only gave him the presidency, but the Banning tuna cup, the gold medal of the Tuna Club, and a special prize of a \$100 rod and reel.

The World's First Commercial Congress.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., October 23d, 1899.—In the big and gorgeously decorated auditorium at the National Export Exposition in this city the first international commercial congress the world has ever seen is in progress. Here Australia is exchanging views with Chili, India with Mexico, while from every section of the United States have come great hosts of delegates to greet their fellows from abroad. In the struggle for trade, national antipathies have been forgotten, the Chinese and the Japanese embassies go hand in hand, and the representatives of Spain have stated that they are delighted with the courtesies shown them in this country.

The commercial congress was opened on October 12th by Assistant Secretary of State David J. Hill. Nearly all of the principal countries of the world were represented by members of their diplomatic corps from Washington. Unique, but delightful, among these representatives were the Chinese minister, Wu Ting Wang, and his two secretaries. The delegates to this session from foreign commercial bodies numbered between three and four hundred. Some have since departed, but others have taken their places, and although between six and seven hundred have participated in the meetings the number of attendants remains about the same.

Thomas B. Reed presided at the second day's meetings of the congress, and Senator Boies Penrose at the third. It is a very notable fact that no sooner do members of foreign commercial bodies arrive in the country than they start right out to do some trading on their own account. While the congress has been at its busiest, and when from within the auditorium have come the sounds of eloquence, knots of delegates could be seen gathered here and there about the exhibits of the exposition, gleaned information as to prices, the length of time necessary for shipments, and the facilities of the American factories in general. It is estimated that while the theories of the perfect commercial relations were being advanced from the platform, several million dollars' worth of the genuine article have been transacted outside.

A very few of those who have spoken before the congress were Lieutenant-General J. Winburne Lauril, of the London Chamber of Commerce; Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clarke, of Victoria, Australia; Herr Ed Arnhold, of the Chamber of Commerce of Berlin; Mr. K. Yamamoto, government delegate from Japan; Señor Henry Alzamora, delegate from Spain; Minister Wu Ting Wang, of China; Captain Cordeira da Graca, of Brazil, and many, many others.

Most of these men have complained that the United States does not give them the same chance to come into her market and trade as they give to us in their markets. They passed resolutions to this effect a few days after the congress opened. Canada lodged a specific complaint asking for the same canalizing privileges as Americans receive. They all admit that in America the same goods may be purchased many per cent. lower than in Europe, and so, if from no other standpoint than that of merely dollars and cents, they have profited and will profit much from the visit. On Friday of last week a special train took the delegates to Washington, where they were received by President McKinley. The congress adjourns with this week.

THAN V. RANCK.

A Strike in Prison.

HUNGER strikes and rebellions against a continuous diet of sour bread and black molasses are not uncommon in the annals of prison life, but it is something new to hear such a tale of woe as that which comes from a flock of jail-birds in Scotland. Their grievance is a lack of nutritious literature in the jail library, more especially of "Sartor Resartus," and the writings of Burns and Christopher North. That a Scotchman, even in durance vile, should be deprived of things so necessary to his existence is truly the refinement of cruelty. It is gratifying to learn that the want was immediately supplied by a sympathizing public, and that the felons in this particular jail will not be restricted in the future to such meagre Saxon fare as Thackeray and Shakespeare, but will be able to dwell fondly on the thoughts of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," or the more exhilarating diversion of "Tam O'Shanter."

The Holy Ghost School.

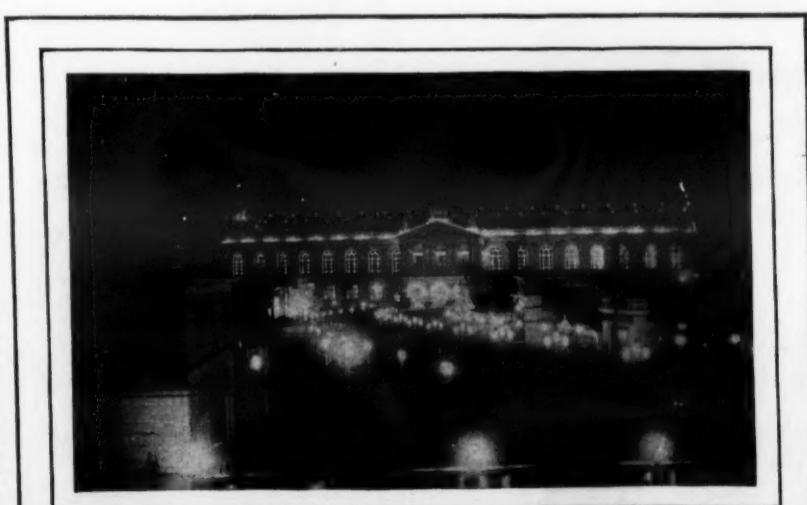
NOTHING is more significant or extraordinary in modern religious life and thought than the large number of new sects and religious organizations of various names and various purposes which have been formed within the past few years. Whether this is a good sign or not; whether it is to be hailed as an indication of healthy religious progress or the contrary, is a question which cannot be discussed here. We simply record the fact. Some of the new societies thus established have met with astonishing success, their membership already running up into the ten thousands. The Christian Science body is one of these.

Another religious movement which has apparently started with a great deal of vigor and enthusiasm has its centre at Shiloh, Me., and is called the World's Evangelization Crusade on Apostolic Principles. Its founder and leader is Mr. F. W.



MR. F. W. SANDFORD AND HIS ASSOCIATES, WHO HAVE FOUNDED A REMARKABLE WORK AT SHILOH, ME.

Sandford, whose picture is given herewith in conjunction with that of his wife and children and also one of his helpers, Mr. Holland, and family. Mr. Sandford has established an institution at Shiloh, which he calls "Holy Ghost" and Bible School. The organization has for its constitution and by-laws the Scriptures only, and its director is said to be the Holy Ghost. It already claims a large membership, and its leader is very sanguine of success. He publishes a paper with the title *Tongues of Fire*, in which the principles of the new order and its work and progress are set forth in strong and vivid language.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION BUILDINGS, AS IT APPEARED AT NIGHT DURING THE SESSION OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

IT COULD NOT BE.

"HERE is an advertisement of grand opera at popular prices," said Mrs. Poindexter. "Let us go."

"There can be no such thing," said Mr. Poindexter. "The announcement is a contradiction in terms."

"How so?"

"If it is grand opera it can't be at popular prices, and if it is at popular prices it can't be grand opera."—*Judge*.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

MOTHERS give Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters to children for looseness of bowels.

MUSICAL people who call at the warerooms of Sohmer & Co. may be assured that they will find what will gratify the most cultivated musical taste in every respect.

If you need a tonic, the tonic you need is Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters; no other so bracing, and pleasant to take. Get at grocers' or druggists'.

WHAT'S a table, though nicely spread, without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne at its head?

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION FOR 1900.

The regular issue of *The Youth's Companion* for October 19th is the annual announcement number, and contains a full illustrated prospectus of the contributors and contributions already engaged for 1900. The list of writers embraces many of America's most famous soldiers and sailors, while statesmen, scholars, travelers and gifted story-writers of both sides of the Atlantic will vie in the enrichment of *The Companion's* pages during the new year. New subscribers who send their subscriptions now will receive free this year's November and December issues from the time of subscription.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS—IMPROVED SERVICE

VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND SUNSET ROUTE.

On October 29th, 1899, will be inaugurated a change in the transcontinental schedule, instituted with the purpose of affording for palace tourist sleepers a night, instead of morning, departure from Washington, and afternoon departure from New York. Therefore, beginning on Wednesday, November 1st, departure from Washington will take Southern Railway Southwest Limited Train at 10:45 P. M., and depart each Wednesday and Friday thereafter until the inauguration of tri-weekly service, which is contemplated at an early date.

In its appointments the Southwestern Limited is one of the finest trains in operation, vestibuled throughout, carrying full dinner through to New Orleans, beyond which point the Pacific Express has improved service and equipment. West of New Orleans, in addition to regular meal stations, the buffet of the standard sleeper is open to tourist passengers.

Supplementing these facilities, sleepers are equipped with gas-stoves (technically known as hot plates), supplied from the Pintsch gas tanks, upon which coffee, tea, and light lunches may be prepared with ease and facility.

Reduction in time from New England and Eastern States is from twelve to twenty-four hours.

In Appointment.—Palace tourist sleepers operated are Pullman's most modern design. Sixteen section, lighted by Pintsch gas. Double sash roller curtains. Wide vestibule observation ends. Ladies' lavatory separate from retiring-room. Gents' lavatory and smoking-room, and every requisite to comfort, not curtailed by the opportunity for economy.

Stop-over at Washington.—Within ten days may be had by application to conductor before arrival and deposit of ticket with depot union ticket agent, Southern Railway. Tickets need not be deposited unless a stay of several days is anticipated.

A guide to show the city, without charge, will be supplied patrons from general office, 511 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W. (Southern Railway, Union Station), whether for one or more.

Personal conductors of integrity and reliability and Pullman porters go through, Washington to San Francisco, without change. They are familiar with the route, and find pleasure in pointing out and describing places of interest. Ladies and children traveling alone under the care of our conductors are as safe from molestation or intrusion as when within the confines of their own homes. Berth rate, Washington to San Francisco, \$7.00.

For further information call or address, A. J. Poston, General Agent California Tours, 511 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

ATTRACTIVE WINTER FASHIONS.

DISPLAY OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S WEAR—IMPORTED NOVELTIES.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., Broadway and Nineteenth Street, New York, are making a display of the imported fall and winter styles in women's wear that is attracting considerable attention. Lace novelties in neckwear, which always appeal to the feminine heart, are found on the first floor. Renaissance lace scarfs and stocks add a touch of elegance to any costume, and the new crepe scarfs, embroidered and printed in Persian pattern and colors, please the artistic taste. A complete stock of all the novelties in stocks, ties and bows is to be seen in the neckwear department, which includes the ever-popular Renaissance pattern, Point d'Arabe, Escurial, Maltese, and Cluny. Separate bits of lace for applique decoration are shown in dainty butterfly patterns, bow-knot, rose, and other effects.

There is also a variety of the all-over lace robes and spangled and net dresses. Dainty tea-gowns, wrappers, silk petticoats, and fine lingerie are shown in the latest Paris styles. The ladies' tea-gowns display some novel and beautiful effects. In infants' wear the store has every requisite for a complete outfit, dainty little robes, flannels and cloaks, and for children walking-coats, caps, and hats of all kinds are exhibited. Celintures and ribbon corsets, all hand-made, display some novel effects.

A handsome costume of French importation is of black-colored cloth, with silk braiding, and large collar and revers of Persian lamb. The newest driving-coats and paletots are made with loose back.

A carriage wrap of heliotrope cloth is embroidered in heliotrope silk, and has a white Marie Antoinette hood, bordered with feathers.

A pretty dancing-gown is of white point d'esprit over white tulle, with flounces of lace on the skirt and under-ruffles of chiffon. The low bodice is worn over a chiffon guimpe.

A fine assortment of waists for dinner and theatre wear is shown, and the display of rich furs includes sets of Russian sable, silver fox, broadtail, and mink.

Don't fail to try
BEECHAM'S PILLS
when suffering from any bad
condition of the Stomach
or Liver.
10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.

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SOHMER
Heads the List of the
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Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one or a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade. Our name spells—

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A PRACTICAL TYPEWRITER, CAN BE
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Will take widest paper.
Capital and small letters.
Feed roller writing in sight.

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WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you **ON TRIAL.** Write to-day for illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

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There is not a builder or any one intending to build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is a practical work and everybody buys it. The best, cheapest and most popular book ever issued on Building. Nearly four hundred drawings. A \$5 book in size and style, but we have determined to make it meet the popular demand, so that it can be easily reached by all.

This book contains 104 pages 11x14 inches in size, and consists of large 9x12 plate pages, giving plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, no guess work, and instructions **How to Build** 70 Cottages, Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city suburbs, town and country houses for all sections of the country, and costing from \$300 to \$6,500; also Barns, Stables, School House, Town Hall, Churches, and other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the erection of buildings, selection of site, employment of architects. It is worth \$5 to any one, but I will send it in paper cover by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1; bound in cloth, \$2.

If you ever intend to build this book and study it before you commence. This should be your first step toward building a house, so as to ascertain what kind of a house you want and find out how much it is going to cost before going ahead.

There is not one person in a hundred that builds a house but that wishes, after it is too late, that he had made some different arrangements on planning the interior, and would give many dollars to have had it otherwise, but it is too late.

Also there is not one in a hundred but that will tell you that the reason of this is he starts to build without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations.

About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

The value of this work to builders cannot be estimated, as it contains designs for just such houses as they are called on to build every day in the week.

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Refuse substitutes.

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"A Perfect Food,"
"Preserves Health,"
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in an art calendar for 1903. A most artistic production. Four sheets 8x13 1/2 inches, tied with silk cord, each sheet containing an Indian portrait, 6x8 inches.

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**GREAT
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Champagne**

It stands without an equal as a tonic for the convalescent or a refreshing beverage for the well. Recommended by physicians for its purity and healthfulness, and by connoisseurs for its exquisite bouquet. The equal of imported, at much less cost.

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Everywhere.



MOST PERFECT BLOCK SIGNALS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



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THANKSGIVING NUMBER

A GODSEND TO ALL HUMANITY

Invention of an Ohioan That Guarantees to Every User Perfect Health, Strength and Beauty By Nature's Method, and Cures, Without Drugs, All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Piles, Weakness and the Most Obstinate Diseases.

Those Who Have Used It Declare It To Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced for Man, Woman or Child.

Our recent investigation of the remarkable invention, Square Quaker Thermal Bath Cabinet, is so very satisfactory that we have no hesitancy in indorsing the same.

A genius of Cincinnati, O., has placed on the market a Bath Cabinet that is of great interest to the public, not only to the sick and debilitated, but also those enjoying health.

It is a sealed compartment, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and, with only the head outside, may have all the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious Turkish bath, hot vapor or medicated vapor baths, at home for three cents each, with no possibility of taking cold or in any way weakening the system.

A well-known physician of Topeka, Kan., E. L. Eaton, M. D., gave up his practice to sell these Bath Cabinets, feeling that they were all his patients needed to get well and keep well, as they cured the most obstinate diseases often when his medicine failed, and we understand he has already sold over 600. Another physician, of Chicago, Dr. John C. Wright, followed Dr. Eaton's example, moved West and devotes his entire time to selling these Cabinets. Many others are doing likewise.

Hundreds of remarkable letters have been written the inventors from those who have used the Cabinet, some of which, referring to

Rheumatism, La Grippe and Kidney Troubles,

will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies.

Mrs. Susan Gieger, Welch, Miss., writes: "This Cabinet was certainly a Godsend to me. Has done more good than three doctors. Had sciatic rheumatism for years; could hardly move except on crutches. Received relief the very first time I used it, and in one week threw my crutches away and am to-day a well woman, doing my own housework."

C. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated by rheumatism. When your Cabinet came, two weeks' use of it entirely cured me, and I have never had a pain since. My doctor was much astonished and will recommend them."

Mrs. S. S. Noteman, Hood River, Ore., writes: "That her neighbor used the Cabinet for a severe case of La Grippe and cured herself entirely in two days. Another neighbor cured eczema of many years' standing, and her little girl of measles."

A. B. Strickland, Bloomington, Idaho, writes: "That this remarkable Cabinet did him more good in two weeks than two years' doctoring, and entirely cured him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and dropsy, with which he had long been afflicted."

This Cabinet certainly has a wonderful power to eliminate uric acid and the poisons from the system.

A prominent citizen of Clarence, N. Y., J. J. Stellrecht, testifies that medicines did him no good; that he had long been afflicted with kidney troubles, and this Cabinet cured and restored him to perfect health.

Hundreds of others write praising this Cabinet, and there seems to be no doubt but that the long sought for means of curing Rheumatism, La Grippe, Bright's Disease, Dropsy and all Kidney and Urinary Affections has been found. The

Well-Known Christian Minister

of Una, S. C., Rev. R. E. Peele, highly recommends this Cabinet, as also does Mrs. Hendricks, Prin. of Vassar College, Congressman John J. Lentz, John T. Brown, editor of the *Christian Guide*; J. H. Errett, editor of the *Christian Standard*, many lawyers, physicians, ministers and hundreds of other influential people.

Reduces Obesity.

It is important to know that the inventor guarantees that obesity will be reduced five pounds per week if these hot vapor baths are taken regularly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers.

Another providential blessing is the fact that this Cabinet is the grandest remedy in the world for preventing and curing

Woman's Troubles.

A lady in Thurman, Pa., Mrs. Anna Woodrum, suffered for sixteen years with nervousness, weakness, kidney and woman's troubles. She writes that medicines failed to benefit her, and the Cabinet bath performed a marvelous cure in her case, and she has already sold over three dozen to her friends.

Mrs. L. Coen, of Maysville, Mo., testifies that she suffered for years with headaches, backaches and menstrual pains, and was entirely cured by this Cabinet.

Sleeplessness.

A prominent lady of Wichita, Kan., Mrs. Dora Cross, was cured of sleeplessness immediately after using the Cabinet.

To Cure Blood and Skin Diseases

The Cabinet bath is unquestionably the best thing in the world. If people, instead of filling their systems with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and sweat out these poisons and assist nature to act, they would have a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire. Vapor baths are the best spring blood and system purifiers known to the medical profession. Hundreds refer to their recovery from the most aggravating blood diseases.

The Great Feature

Of this Bath Cabinet is that it gives a hot vapor bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands and forcing out, by nature's method, all the impure salts, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, liver, lungs, and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. A hot vapor bath instills new life from the very beginning, is perfectly safe and harmless, and, indeed, it makes you feel ten years younger.

It is well known that whatever has a tendency to preserve health must

Also Prevent Disease,

And the writer was informed by Dr. Mc-

Clure, one of the most prominent physicians in this country, that if people would use this Cabinet regularly at least once or twice a week there would be an end to epidemics and contagious diseases, for smallpox, yellow fever, typhoid, scarlet fever, in fact, all contagious diseases, are unknown and can not exist where the vapor bath is regularly practiced. With the bath, if desired, is a

Head and Complexion Steamer

Attachment in which the face and head are given the same treatment as the body. This produces the most wonderful results, clears the skin, makes it as smooth and soft as velvet, removes pimples, blackheads, sores, skin eruptions, rough and scaly skin or diseased scalp and

Cures Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis.

L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., writes: "For forty-five years I have had catarrh, asthma, rheumatism and kidney troubles. Drugs and doctors did me no good. The first vapor bath I took helped me, and fourteen days' use cured me entirely, and I am to-day a well man." Whatever

Will Hasten Perspiration,

Every one knows, is beneficial. Turkish baths, massage, hot drinks, stimulants, hot foot baths, are all known to be beneficial, but the best of these methods becomes crude and insignificant when compared to the convenient and marvelous curative power of the Cabinet Bath referred to above. The Cabinet is known as the

Square Quaker Folding Thermal

Vapor Bath Cabinet, made only in Cincinnati, O. This Cabinet, we find, is durably and handsomely made, best material, is entered and vacated by a door which opens

wide; the Cabinet, when closed, is air-tight, made of the best hygienic waterproof cloth, rubber lined, has a strong, rigid steel frame, which supports it from top to bottom. The Cabinet is large and roomy inside, and has top curtains at top to open for cooling off. Makers furnish a good alcohol stove with each Cabinet, also valuable recipes and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions, so any one can use it just as soon as received.

Another excellent feature is that it folds flat in one inch space, and may be carried when traveling. Weighs but 10 pounds.

People don't need bath-rooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room. Thus bath-tubs have been discarded since the invention of this Cabinet, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick-room, its advantages are at once apparent. The Cabinet is amply large enough for any person. There have been

So-Called Cabinets

On the market, but they were unsatisfactory,

for they had no door and no supporting frame, but simply a cheap affair to pull on and off over the head, like a skirt, subjecting the body to sudden and dangerous changes of temperature, or made with a so-called door—simply a slit or hole to crawl through; others were made with a bulky wooden frame, which the heat and steam within the Cabinet warped, cracked and caused to fall apart and soon become worthless.

After investigation, we can say the Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind and will last for years. The makers guarantee it to be better, more convenient, more durable than others which sell for \$12.00 or \$18.00. This Cabinet satisfies and delights every user, and,

Makers Guarantee Results.

They assert positively, and their statements are backed by a vast amount of testimony from persons of influence, that their Cabinet will cure nervous troubles and debility, clear the skin, purify the blood, cure rheumatism. (They offer \$5 reward for a case that can not be relieved.) Cures woman's troubles, la grippe, sleeplessness, obesity, neuralgia, headache, gout, sciatica, piles, dropsy, blood and skin disease, liver and kidney troubles. It will

Cure a Hard Cold

With one bath, and break up all symptoms of la grippe, fevers, pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma, and is really a household necessity. It is the most

Cleansing and Invigorating Bath

Known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, but its great value lies in its marvelous power to draw out of the system the impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is really a Godsend to all humanity.

How To Get One.

All our readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease, or are afflicted, should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low; space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and curative properties. Write to the World Manufacturing Company, 707 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and ask them to send you their pamphlets and circulars describing this invention. The regular price of this Cabinet is \$5. Head Steaming Attachment, if desired, \$1 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much real genuine health, vigor and strength.

Write to-day for full information, or, better still, order a Cabinet. You won't be deceived or disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and will refund your money, after 30 days' use, if not just as represented. They are reliable and responsible (capital, \$100,000.00), and fill all orders immediately upon receipt of remittance.

Don't fail to send for booklet, as it will prove very interesting reading.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to good agents, both men and women—upon request.

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